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ORGANIZATION

AND

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

PIONEER SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION,

OF

SCOTT COUNTY, IOWA.

1858.

With a full report of the First Festival.

17465

DAVENPORT;
STEAM POWER PRESS OF THE DAILY GAZETTE

1858.

1818081

PREFACE.

During the fall of 1857, some of the "Old Settlers" of Scott County, in a conversation in relation to the first settlement of the county and while speaking of certain individuals who have died here, it was suggested that steps ought to be taken to perpetuate the facts and incidents thereof, as well as the names of the first settlers. After various suggestions it was finally agreed to call a meeting of those now resident in the county, who were settlers prior to Dec. 31, A. D. 1840, to consult in relation to the matter.

Accordingly a notice was published in the daily papers of the city, calling such a meeting to be held on the 23d day of January, 1858, at the "Le Claire Hall."

At the appointed time the meeting was held and an association organized, the particulars of which, and the motives thereto, are fully set forth in the proceedings published herein.

The first Annual Festival has been held and the "Pioneer Settlers" of Scott County believing that the proceedings of such an association would be both instructive and interesting not only to those of the present day, but to those who will come after them, have resolved to publish in full their proceedings each year, and this Pamphlet is the first of the series.

SCOTT COUNTY, FEBRUARY, 1858.

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ORGANIZATION MEETING.

At a meeting of old settlers of Scott County, who became residents prior to December 31, 1839, held in Le Claire Hall, Davenport, pursuant to a notice in the daily papers, on the evening of Saturday, January 23, 1858, some sixty persons were assembled. The meeting was called to order by Duncan C. Eldridge, Esq., whereupon Ebenezer Cook, Esq., was elected Chairman, and John L. Coffin, Secretary of the meeting.

The Chairman, on taking his seat, expressed with a few happy remarks the pleasure which it gave him to meet so many of his old friends on this occasion, and alluded to the warm interest he had always felt in those who had stood side by side with him in the hardships and struggles incident to the early settlement of this County. He said, "that if there was anything of good about him, if he had ever been of any service to this community, and in fact for all he was at this day, he felt himself indebted to the early settlers of this county, who had always stood by him; that he had always been willing to divide the last crust of bread with any one of them that needed, and he prayed to God, that as long as he lived, he might be disposed to divide with them the last shirt on his back, if any one of them required it."

On motion of James McIntosh, Esq., a Committee of five was appointed by the Chair to draft a Preamble and Resolutions for organizing the Association.

The Chair appointed James McIntosh, Willard Barrows, John P. Dillon, D. C. Eldridge, and Edward Ricker, Esquires, said Committee.

While the Committee was absent, the meeting was entertained by some felicitous remarks by Wm. McCommon, Esq., and by the Hon. John P. Cook.

The Committee then presented the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, it was our destiny, as American citizens, excited by a spirit of invincible enterprise, to be the pioneers in the settlement of this fair and fertile section of our State; and, whereas, it seems desirable that we should perpetuate the memory of that settlement, and from time to time read the history of the past, so rich in incident of great and varied interest, therefore, be it

Resolved, That all those who became residents of the Territory, now known as Scott County in Iowa, prior to December 31, 1839, form themselves into a society, the object of which shall be to extend the right hand of fellowship to all those who have lived through the honorable conflict of the past, to share and enjoy the prosperity of the present, and to extend warm congratulations, that their early struggles and hardships have resulted in a growth and development almost without a parallel.

Resolved, That this Association be known by the name of

Resolved, That its officers shall consist of a President, ten Vice Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer; and an Executive Committee of five members, said committee to be appointed by the President.

Resolved, That a committee of three members be appointed by the Chair, to draft a Constitution and By-Laws to be submitted for adoption at the next meeting.

Resolved, That a committee of five members be appointed to make arrangements for a festival to be held in this city, on the 21st of February, 1858.

Resolved, That tickets of invitation be sent to all "Pioneers 1839-45" who have since become non-residents of this county.

JOHN W. McCommon of the chair, read out the following blank in the constitution:

tion of the committee, be filled with, "Pioneer Society of Scott County."

Jas. McIntosh, Esq., moved that it be called the "Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott county."

Wm. McCammon, Esq., moved that it be called the "Early Settlers' Association of Scott county."

C. C. Alvord, Esq., moved that it be called the "Old Settlers' Association of Scott county."

Willard Barrows, Esq., moved that it be called the "Pioneer Association of Scott county."

And on motion of the Hon. John P. Cook, the filling of the blank, or giving the Association a name, was voted to be left to a committee of five.

And, thereupon, the chair appointed D. P. McKown, Esq., Judge W. L. Cook, H. S. Finley, Esq., R. M. Prouty, man, Esq., John Owens, Esq., on said committee, who reported in favor of the name of "Old Settlers' Association of Scott county."

Considerable discussion ensued on this subject of a name, and the word "Pioneer," having to the minds of many present a sweetness in this connection, it was moved by the Hon. John P. Cook, and voted, that the blank be filled, so that the resolution, as framed, stands thus:

Resolved, That this Association be known by the name of "The Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott county."

The chair appointed Judge Weston, J. F. Dillon and C. C. Alvord, Esqrs., a committee on Constitution and By-Laws;

and appointed Willard Barrows, A. H. Coker, James McIntosh, Geo. L. Davidson, and D. C. Eldridge, Esquires, a committee on the festival.

On motion of John F. Dillon, Esq., it was voted, that all those settlers whose wives came here prior to Dec. 31, 1849, be admitted to the festival.

The Association then proceeded to elect its first officers, which resulted in the choice of the following named gentlemen:

ANTOINE LE CLAIRE, President.

Bartholomew Cook, Esq.,
D. C. Eldridge, Esq.,
Willard Barrows, Esq.,
John Owens, Esq.,
Robert Christie, Esq.,
Wm. L. Cook, Esq.,
James A. Buchanan,
A. H. Davidson, Esq.,
Anna Davidson, Esq.,
Isabel Deane, Esq.

Vice Presidents.

Dr. E. S. Barrows, Cor. Secretary.

John L. Corrin, Rec. Secretary.

Geo. B. Sargent, Esq., Treasurer.

And, on motion of H. S. Finley, Esq., that a committee be appointed to ascertain the names of "Pioneer Settlers" prior to Dec. 31, 1849, who have since died, be removed. The chair appointed H. S. Finley, Wm. McCammon and J. K. Foster, Esquires, said committee.

Voted, on motion of Judge Weston, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the daily and weekly papers of this city.

Voted, to adjourn until next Saturday evening, at this place, at 7 o'clock.

JOHN L. CORRIN, Sec'y.

SECOND MEETING.

At the second meeting of "The Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott County," held pursuant to adjournment in the Le Claire Hall, on Saturday evening, January 30th, 1886, Amos Le Claire, Esq., President, in the chair.

The President appointed Judge Chas. Weston, Willard Barrows, Esq., Hon. John P. Cook, Jabez A. Diamond, Esq., and Dr. H. S. Barrows, the "Executive Committee" for the ensuing year.

The Report of the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws was then presented, and read by their Chairman, Judge Weston, as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, It was our destiny to be Pioneers in the settlement of this fair and fertile section of our State, and

WHEREAS, Our lives have been honorably lengthened out through the honorable conduct of the past to enjoy the prosperity of the present, and

WHEREAS, The number of Pioneers is rapidly decreasing and many soon to be removed by death from the scene of their struggles and triumphs, and

WHEREAS, We feel a just pride in gathering and preserving the memories of a settlement that has resulted in a growth and development so great, and feeling that the recollection of the past, the felicity of the present and hopes of the future, link us together as a brotherhood, we do now obtain and establish this

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

This association shall be called "The Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott County."

ARTICLE II.

OFFICERS.

The officers shall be a President, ten Vice-Presidents, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer.

ARTICLE III.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Association, preserve order therein, and in case of an equal division upon any question, give the casting vote. He shall call special meetings of the Association when such may be necessary, and also when requested to do so by any five members of the Association.

SEC. 2. In case of the absence of the President, or his inability to act, the senior Vice-President shall perform his duties.

SEC. 3. The Recording Secretary of the Association shall keep a true record of all its proceedings, and shall keep a register called the Pioneers' Register, and perform such other duties as may from time to time be assigned him.

SEC. 4. The Corresponding Secretary shall receive, and read to the Association, and answer all communications addressed to it; and shall also perform such other duties as may from time to time be assigned him.

SEC. 5. The Treasurer shall have charge of the finances of the Association, and collect and disburse all moneys, and render an account at the expiration of his term of office, and hand over all money, books and papers to his successor.

SEC. 6. The present officers shall hold their respective offices until the meeting of the Association, next preceding the Annual Festival, which meeting shall be held each year on the first Monday of February. All officers shall be elected annually at that meeting, by ballot

or in such other manner as the Association may direct.

ARTICLE IV. COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. After each annual election the President shall appoint an Executive Committee, consisting of five members, whose duty it shall be to provide for the Annual Festival; and this committee shall take charge of, and regulate all matters pertaining thereto.

SEC. 2. The President, at the same time, shall appoint a committee of three members, whose duty it shall be to select a suitable person to deliver an address before the Association on the day of the next succeeding Annual Festival.

ARTICLE V. MEMBERS.

SEC. 1. All male persons who are now residents of Scott county, and who were residents of said county on or before the thirty-first day of December A. D. 1840, or who married wives who were residents as above, and who are of good moral character, are eligible to membership.

SEC. 2. Names of persons proposed for admission shall be handed in in writing, and be announced to the Association; whereupon the President shall appoint a committee of three members to examine into the qualifications of the applicant, which committee shall report at the same meeting if possible. If such report be favorable, the Association shall vote upon the question of his admission, and the applicant shall be rejected if one-third of the members present shall vote against him.

SEC. 3. Every member shall sign this Constitution, and pay to the Treasurer one dollar at the time of doing so, and one dollar annually thereafter, and such assessments as may be from time to time imposed upon him by the Association.

SEC. 4. All persons who were residents of Scott county on or before the 31st day of December, A. D. 1840, and who have since become non-residents, as well as pioneer settlers in other parts of this State, and any other States or Territories, may be elected honorary members in the same manner above provided for the election of members.

ARTICLE VI. EXPULSION.

SEC. 1. Any member may be expelled for such cause as two-thirds of the members present may deem sufficient.

ARTICLE VII. FESTIVAL ADDRESS.

SEC. 1. There shall be an Annual Festival of the Society, to be held in the city of Davenport on the 22d of February, each year during the continuance of this Society. If the day above fixed shall fall on Sunday in any year, the Festival shall occur on the Saturday preceding, or the Monday succeeding, as the Executive Committee shall determine.

SEC. 2. Every member, and honorary member, and the wives of such, and the widows of pioneer settlers, are entitled to be present at the Festival, and no other persons are so entitled unless by vote of the Society. Any member may bring a daughter, or other female relative in lieu of his wife.

SEC. 3. There shall be an Annual Public Address before the Association on the day of the Festival, to be delivered by such person as may be selected by a committee of three, to be appointed for that purpose.

ARTICLE VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1. The Corresponding Secretary shall address kindred Societies in this and adjoining States by letter, giving the particulars of the proceedings of the Annual Festival, and soliciting replies of the same nature, to be read at the next Festival of the Association.

SEC. 2. Whenever practically, the members of this Society shall attend in a body, the funeral of any deceased member, and as a token of respect, shall wear the usual badge of mourning.

SEC. 3. The Recording Secretary shall provide a book known as the "Pioneer Register," in which shall be registered the name, age, place of nativity, occupation, date of settlement here, and date and place of death of each member, when such death shall occur, and he shall also register the same facts as far as may be in regard to such pioneer settlers as have deceased or become non-residents. The Recording Secretary shall assign certain family numbers to each

facts, as respects themselves, at the time of the signing the Constitution.

SEC. 4. This Constitution shall not be amended except by an affirmative vote of three-fourths of all the members of the Association present, and unless such proposition for amendment shall have been before the Society, in writing, at least at one meeting previous to any action upon it by the Association.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of every member of this Association to furnish, within six months from the time of his admission, a brief memoir of his life, which shall embrace date, and place of birth, incidents of youth, reasons and motives for immigration to this State, jottings down of his personal experience in Pioneer and Western life, and such other matters and recollections pertinent to the objects of this Association as he may deem proper to communicate, which memoir shall be delivered to the Recording Secretary, and by him be carefully filed and preserved as the property of the Association.

BY-LAWS.

SEC. 1. Ten members shall constitute a quorum for the valid transaction of business, but a less number may meet and adjourn.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 2. At all regular meetings of the Association the order of business shall be as follows:

- 1st. Reading the minutes.
- 2d. Appointments by the President, and communications from officers.
- 3d. Reports of committees.
- 4th. Unfinished business.
- 5th. Proposals for membership, and proposals for new members.
- 6th. Miscellaneous business.
- 7th. Adjournment.

SEC. 3. The President shall determine all questions of order, but an appeal shall be allowed.

SEC. 4. The President may name any member to perform the duties of the chair, who shall pro tempore be vested with all the powers of the President.

SEC. 5. No member shall by conversation or otherwise, interrupt the business of the Association, and any member wishing to speak on any subject, shall address the chair standing.

SEC. 6. No member shall speak more than twice on any one subject, if objection be made, nor more than ten minutes at a time.

SEC. 7. These by-laws may be altered or rescinded at any regular meeting of the Association, if previous notice has been given, by an affirmative vote of the majority of the members present.

SEC. 8. No monies shall be paid out by the Treasurer unless the voucher be approved by the President and attested by the Recording Secretary.

The Constitution and By-Laws were then read and adopted by Sections.

The Report of the Festival Committee was presented by Willard Barrows, Esq., Chairman, and read and adopted. The following is a copy of said Report.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FESTIVAL.

GENTLEMEN: Your Committee appointed to make suitable arrangements for a Festival, to be held in this city on the 22d of February next, would respectfully beg leave to Report.

That they have engaged Dr. Burtis to furnish a supper at the "Burtis House," for which your Committee have agreed that he shall charge three dollars for each couple, and two dollars for single gentlemen that partake, except the Clergy and the Press of Scott County, for whom there is to be no charge. They have also engaged the services of the "Independent Brass Band" of this city for the occasion; and also made arrangements for carriages to convey the ladies to and from the Festival.

Your Committee have also had printed 100 complimentary letters of invitation, many of which have already been forwarded to former residents of this city and county, but who now are non-residents, cordially inviting them to be present on the occasion.

They have also on hand ready to be issued 500 cards of invitation, which your Committee intend to send to all persons in Scott County, who are entitled to become members of this Association, inviting them to join us in the proposed Festival.

They are also preparing suitable badges to be worn on the occasion.

And last, though by no means least, your Committee feel proud in reporting that "Old Cedar is in that ar' thrang."

they having obtained the consent of the Hon. John P. Cook to deliver an Address before the Association at that time.

Your Committee would recommend the passage of the following Resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed by the Chair whose duty it shall be to receive and introduce guests at the Festival, provide places of entertainment for the night to those who reside out of the city, and see that invited guests receive proper attention and respect.

2d. Resolved, That invitations to the Festival be extended to the Clergy and the Press of Scott county, and also to the Author and Publishers of "Davenport, Past and Present," a work about to be issued in this city.

3d. Resolved, That the Chair appoint a Committee of five to prepare the Regular Toasts for the occasion.

(Signed,) WILLARD BARROWS,

Chairman of Committee.

A communication was received from the "Davenport City Artillery" offering their services to do escort duty for the Association on the 22d February, which communication was referred to the committee on the Festival.

On motion of John F. Dillon, Esq., it was voted, That there be procured by a committee of three, to be appointed for that purpose a "Cane" for the use of the President of the Association, with an appropriate inscription, and which shall be handed successively from President

to President, as long as the Association shall exist.

On motion of Dr. Hiram Brown

Voted, that the Festival Committee invite to the Festival all persons who resided in Scott county prior to the 31st of December, 1919.

James McIntosh, Esq., moved that the Constitution and By-Laws be made ready for signature as soon as possible.

On motion of Dr. Hiram Brown, it was

Voted, "That the names of the Committee who have charge of the Constitution and By-Laws, and the place where they can be found for signature, be published in the daily and weekly papers of the City."

The following Committees were appointed by the President:

Committee to take charge of the Constitution and By-Laws—JOHN OWENS, HARVEY LEONARD, JOHN L. COFFIN.

Committee to receive and introduce guests at the Festival. &c., &c.—D. O. ELBRIDGE, JAMES MCINTOSH, WILLARD BARROWS, GEO. L. DAVENPORT, A. H. OWENS.

Committee on Regular Toasts at the Festival—HON. JAMES GRANT, DR. L. S. BARROWS, JUDAH WESTON, J. F. DILLON and W. MCCANNON.

Committee to procure the Presidential Cane—WILLARD BARROWS, D. O. ELBRIDGE, A. H. OWENS.

Attest,

JOHN L. COFFIN,
Rec'g. Sec'y.

THIRD MEETING.

At a special meeting of the Association, held at Le Claire Hall, Davenport, on Wednesday evening, February 17, 1853, the meeting was called to order by Robert Christie, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents of the Association.

The Committee appointed to procure the Presidential Cane submitted the following

REPORT:

This Committee, who were instructed to procure a Cane, as an insignia of office of the President of this Association, beg leave to report, that they have made the necessary arrangements therefor: that it will be in readiness for presentation at the Festival on the 22d inst.; and would further say, that immediately after their appointment they received the following communication:

DAVENPORT, Feb. 3, 1853.

GENTLEMEN:—We observe in the proceedings of the "Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott County," a resolution providing for the purchase of a Cane, with suitable inscription as an insignia of office of the President so long as the Association shall exist.

The undersigned, sons of Ira Cook, deceased, (who was one of the first settlers in the county, having emigrated here in the year 1835,) desire to connect his memory with the Association, and for that purpose they respectfully request that they may be permitted to furnish the money for the purchase of the Cane, and that the fact may be entered upon the records of the Association.

It is our desire that the cane be got up in the same manner, and the inscription thereon be the same, as though the present application was not made.

We are respectfully, your obedient servants,

[Signed,]

WM. L. COOK, EBENEZER COOK,

JNO. P. COOK, IRA COOK,

To WILLARD BARROWS, and others, Committee.

The Committee recommend, in relation thereto, the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That in recognizing the commandment, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother," we appreciate the motives of the sons of the late Ira Cook, who was one of the first settlers of this county, and who though dead is with us in our pleasant recollections of the past, in their wish to connect his memory with this Association; that the proposition in their communication be accepted; that the letter and this report and resolution, be entered upon the records, and a certified copy be furnished to each of the signers of the communication.

WILLARD BARROWS,

D. C. ELDRIDGE,

A. H. OWENS,

Committee.

On motion of Wm. McCammon, Esq., the above report was unanimously adopted.

The Committee of Arrangements for the Festival then submitted the following report:

GENTLEMEN:—Your Committee would report that they have received volunteer aid sufficient to pay the expense that will be incurred in providing carriages to convey all the ladies who wish to ride to and from the Festival; and they desire all who have ladies that intend to be present upon that occasion, to leave their names and residence with Parker & Spearling. They would also recommend the immediate purchase of supper tickets, so that Dr. Bartis may have some means of knowing how many to provide for. Your Committee have also made arrangements for the proper care of all those who live out of the city, and for the care of their teams.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. BARROWS, Chairman.

On motion of Ebenezer Cook, Esq., the foregoing report was unanimously adopted.

Voted, That the Association decline the offer of the Davenport City Artillery to do escort duty on the 22d inst.

On motion of E. Cook, Esq.:

Voted, "That the thanks of this Association be presented to the Davenport City Artillery for their kind offer to do escort duty for the Association on the 22d inst."

On motion of E. Cook, Esq.:

Voted, "That the President be authorized to audit the accounts against the Association and draw his warrant for their payment."

An amendment was offered to the same by Wm. McCammon, Esq., which was accepted and adopted, as follows:

Voted, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to audit the accounts of the Association.

Whereupon the Chair appointed Wm.

McCammon, E. Cook and Alfred Sanders, Esquires, said committee.

On motion of H. S. Finley, Esq., it was

Voted, That one person from each township in this county be added to the committee appointed to ascertain the names of those persons who were residents of the county on or before Dec. 31, A. D. 1840, who have deceased or moved away.

Judge Weston, from the Committee on Regular Toasts, informed the meeting of the doings of that Committee.

Alfred H. Owens, from the Festival Committee, stated that a full programme of the arrangements would be ready for publication in the papers of Friday morning.

Moved to adjourn. Carried.

JOHN L. COFFIN, Rec. Sec'y.

OLD SETTLERS' FESTIVAL MEETING,

February 22d, 1893.

Association met at the Burtis House, forming, with the invited guests, a company of nearly eight hundred persons.

ANTOINE LE CLAIRE, President, in the Chair.

JOHN F. DILLON, Esq., in behalf of the Association, arose and presented the Case to the President in the following speech:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I am charged with the grateful duty of pre-entending you with this insignia of your office. You, who were the first to pioneer the way to this lovely spot, lovelier and richer than the land "flowing with milk and honey." You, who have used the wealth it has been your good fortune to acquire, in constant endeavors to promote the growth and advance the interests of our city and country. You, who are confessedly first in the esteem of all old pioneers, have been unanimously elected our first President. Happy are we, that your life has been bounteously lengthened out to behold this night. Happy that we are able to bestow upon you this testimonial of our regard.

What endeared recollections, and thronging visions this occasion must call up and inspire. Who would not fondly "give the hope of years" to enjoy the satisfaction and delight that must to-night be yours. A thousand incidents strike the electric chain of memory, and in the light of its illuminations the past comes back again, and glews vividly before you. How pleasant, at times to retouch memories that are being moss-grown; to retint the fast fading pictures of life.

The changes you have seen, how astonishing! The life whereof will be sought for in vain, in the realities of history and in the dreams of poetry.

Since the world began, it has never in any age or country exhibited a growth so solid, and a development so amazing as that which you yourself have witnessed. So rapid and thorough is the progress of improvement, that the materials of our early settlement are fast passing away. Scarcely a trace or vestige of the primitive log-cabin remains; and the inquiry might be pertinently raised, not, "have we a log-cabin?" but "have we a log cabin among us?"

There have been succeeded by comfortable and elegant dwellings,—but why specify changes when specification were useless. All, all, is changed save the unchanging sky above us, and the changeless river that rolls by us; magnificent river!

"Time writes its wrinkles on the azure brow," and without avouching its geological accuracy let me say—

"Such as eras to be down, behold thou rollest now."

How often in the quiet watches of the night, when I have beheld the glory of the one, reflected in and increased by that of the other, has my heart melted with gratitude, that aspiring man could not reach the heavens to cover *them* with signs and placards, or mar the beauty of earth's glorious war-recesses. Especially have you observed, sir, with intense interest the growth of our fair and proud young city.

This interest has not been the indifferent interest of a mere spectator, but with you it has partaken of a warmer nature; it has claimed kindred with a paternal solicitude, and without demur has had its claim allowed.

Our feeble infancy—our slow growth—our precarious situation—our gloomy prospects—awakened for awhile the most tender concern and anxious forebodings. Those dark days happily have passed away we trust to return never more; and havenport to-day, in size and beauty, and in edifice among rivals—the "Queen City" of Iowa. Well may we rejoice to-night with you, in the triumphs of a faith in our destiny, that has suffered all things, endured all things, hoped all things even unto the end. But these exultant feelings and grateful reflections come to us mingled and tinged, softened and subdued with those of a sadder nature. While we have been busy, time and death have not been idle.

But I may not dwell in labor in these reflections that move for no reason, save to say, that this case, made from a seed of native growth, and skillfully fostered by the hand of a member of our Association, is the distinctive and we think fitting and appropriate emblem of your office. As such it is modestly displayed with just reserve and to be considered as a memento from President to President until our Society shall be no more!

On it will be found engraved your own name—the name of our Association, and the date of its organization.

It affords me unalloyed pleasure, sir, in behalf of the "Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott County," to present this emblem of office and honor to you—its first President, wondering who, of those present, shall enjoy the enviable, yet melancholy distinction of being its last.

To which the President made the following reply:

MR. DILLON:—I receive this cane, the insignia of my office, as President of the "Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott County," with great pleasure, not alone because I shall take pride in its exhibition, not alone because of its beautiful and skillful workmanship, not alone for the very flattering remarks attendant upon its presentation, either of which causes would justify the feeling, but chiefly because it is, and is intended by the Association as a tangible memento of the past, and of the early history of the settlement of our county, to be handed down, I trust, to future generations, to be preserved for all time; to be exhibited to thousands upon thousands of our descendants yet unborn, as having been designed, made and handled by their forefathers, the first settlers of Scott County.

With this cane, shall go down, I trust, the records of our Association, and if the members are faithful, and furnish, as required by the Constitution, the leading incidents of their lives, connected with their settlement and habitation in this county, to be placed upon the records, how interesting to those who come after us will be this cane as a tangible memorial of their forefathers, long since crumbled into the dust from which they came, and whose history, to a greater or less extent, is written in the records before them.

methinks as I look into the far, far future I see within the limits of our county, a noble Building, dedicated to some noble Public objects, and there, in some suitable and proper place, are deposited the records and testimonials of this Association. Within its walls is a living crowd, pressing forward, eager to see and peruse the record, to see and touch the memorials handed down with it, and I hear them say, "These were sent down to us from our forefathers, here is written a history of the first settlement of this beautiful land, of the trials and hardships endured, and of the triumphs won by them. Let them be preserved forever."

Ladies and gentlemen, members of this Association, let me charge upon you that you impress upon your children and children's children that they hold it as a sacred duty, when we shall all have passed away from earth, to preserve, intact, the records

and memorials of our Association, and to transmit them unimpaired to future generations.

You have been pleased, sir, to allude in very flattering terms to me, personally. If I have in the course of a long life spent here entitled myself to, and won the respect of my fellow men, particularly the Old Settlers of the county, I am amply repaid for any and all exertions I may have been able to make to aid in advancing the interests and prosperity of our beloved city and county.

If I have acquired wealth, it is to the settlement of the country that I am indebted for it, for of what value would have been the land on which this city and the city of Le Claire is built, except from the fact that you, gentlemen of this Association settled upon and improved the lands of the county and thereby enabled us to build up a city? So that, gentlemen, we see that we are dependent to a greater or less extent upon one another, and when we so far as to confer a benefit upon the community, we really are benefitting ourselves.

The Association has been pleased to elect me their first President. I take this, the first opportunity afforded me to return my sincere and heartfelt thanks for this expression of confidence and respect. The object and aim of this organization is so eminently and apparently proper, that it is needless for me here to advert to it, other than to say that I am rejoiced that the step has been taken and that there is the interest manifested in the subject that is apparent here to-night, and I trust that interest will be kept up and maintained by every member so long as he shall live.

This cane, made as you say, from a stick of native growth, is a fit and proper emblem of the office for which it is designed, for in the ordinary course of things it is to be presumed that your President will be more advanced in years who will require its aid and support, it is, too, a fit and proper emblem, as it will remind your future Presidents that their predecessors who have leaned upon it for support, have passed down the vale of time into eternity whether they must soon follow and surrender it again to aid and support some other aged man down the same path, until at last, the last man of your Association shall grasp it and in the performance of his sad duty, provide for it and other memorials a place of deposit which we trust shall be kept sacred forever.

The H. M. Joux P. Cook then delivered the first annual address, as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Through the politeness of the committee appointed to arrange for this occasion, it has fallen to my lot to address your associa-

tion, on this the first festival of the Pioneers of Scott County.

The interest manifested in this organization, this large assembly, and the familiar nod of recognition rising from one to another, attest the perfect lapidary we all feel in this union, made gentler by the hardships of the past, the joy of the present, and hopes for the future.

In the West such a society is neither new nor uncommon. The first settlers of Illinois, Wisconsin, and of many of the older counties in our own beautiful Iowa, have been drawn together by that fraternal regard which is always warm in the honest heart of an "old pioneer."

If, in the excitement of business and the duties of life, we have hitherto neglected to come together, as the pioneers of Scott County, the greater reason now exists, that we should nourish this infant association, and make it a motive of every good and noble sympathy of the heart.

Our organization is now complete, our names are enrolled, and with the exception of absentees and such as have not yet joined, although entitled to membership, our ranks are full, and under our constitution there can be no accession to our number, other than exceptions named. With a just appreciation of the memory of the dead, you have procured the names of those who settled in this county prior to 1840, but who now no longer live, so that your records will perpetuate *their* names, who have "acted well their part," and now sleep beneath the cold clouds of the valley, as ours, who have survived to consummate this organization. In thus recording the names of the dead, who were our companions in frontier life, we but open a record that will soon contain the names of all who now stand recorded as *living members* of this association.

One by one we shall pass away, and at the returning festival some familiar face will be missed at the board, some chair will be vacant, and the record of the living will be shortened to lengthen the record of the dead, while the void in our ranks can never, never be filled.

As years roll on, those of us who may be living at the end of the first decade, will realize the fearful work of death among us.

A little longer, yet a little longer, and a score of years shall have passed away, leaving but a few to cherish the memory of the departed, and to cling closely, ah! how closely, to each other.

Who shall presume to lift the veil and name the pioneer who will then answer to the Secretary's roll call?

A little longer, and still a little longer, and the youngest among us will have reached his three score years and ten, and no one may know, until time unfolds the eternal

decree, who of our number will be the last survivor of the pioneers of Scott County.—While we may not penetrate the dim future, nor name those who shall hold the last meeting, keep the last festival—though, alas! more solemn than festive it will be—and perform the last rites, ere this association ceases to exist, yet we may imagine its closing scenes, and admonish one another to prove faithful and true till the last one shall have passed from earth.

You have procured a cane, and have had inscribed thereon, "Pioneer Settlers' Association, organized, January, 1858, Scott County, Iowa," and presented it to your President, with instructions that it be handed down to his last successor in office. That successor lives, and if not here with us to-day in *propria persona*, he is with us in spirit and in well wishes, and is destined to officiate at the last act of your association.

For a moment give free scope to the imagination, and go with me to a period thirty, forty, perhaps fifty years hence, and behold here a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, all eager to act their part in the business of life, running hither and thither, jostling each other in the crowd, some seeking the profits of commerce, some collecting the news of the day, some chasing pleasure, some bent on mischief, some bound for the station house of a balloon about to be wafted across the Continent with a full load of human beings who expect to dine in New York on the same day, some about to seat themselves in the cars of an atmospheric railway, advertised to go through to the seaboard in two hours without change of cars, and amid the confusion, splendor and enterprise, let us, on the 22nd day of that February, enter the spacious building on 25th street, and see congregated the last of the Scott County pioneers. There sits the President, surrounded by the survivors, numbering five, perhaps more, faithful hearts, whose whitened locks and trembling limbs denote them children of a century past and gone.

They are looking back over the lost years, and with vivid recollections of the early history of our own country, are recounting many of the hardships and incidents of frontier life; they recall the first festival of the association, and mention the names, and drop tears, to the memory of many assembled here to-day; they have before them the record of the association, and it tells of your annual meetings and festivals,—your official doings,—the names of your officers,—and it faithfully preserves the history of many incidents in the existence of your association.

Some venerable patriarch selected from that little band delivers the annual address, and he wants not matters of interest, approp-

priate to the occasion, to talk about, and with which to hold the attention of his hearers.

With a faithful and vivid recollection of early times and early associations, he pictures the past and compares it with the realities about him, until

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around them."

Is that the last festival? Another year rolls around, and that same supports the aged frame of the President to the Festive Hall, where he meets friends, young and old; but one, a solitary one shall grasp his hand, and exclaim

"We two alone remain, the rest are gone, all gone."

In the ordinary course of nature it is reasonable to suppose, that the younger members of the association will be among the last survivors of our number, and upon them will fall the duty of closing our records, and providing a depository for everything pertaining to the association.

Young man! that duty may be yours; act well your part through life, that we may have a worthy representative in closing an association so auspiciously commenced.

Teach your children to venerate the land they are to inherit, and impress upon them the duty they owe to their native home, and their pioneer forefathers.

Leave to them as a rich legacy the pleasing duty of providing a fitting receptacle for the records and memorials of the association, that they and their children's children may ever find a faithful history of the early pioneers, and of the settlement of the county.

Admonish them, that, when the spirit of the last one of us takes its flight from earthly scenes,—the sad and interesting duty will devolve upon them, to follow the remains to their last resting place; to perform the closing scenes in our history, and to write the last chapter of our record.

To the minds of some, such an association may seem of small importance and doubtful existence; but I doubt whether a society could be organized in the west with stronger ties of friendship and sympathy than one will find among the "Old Settlers."

We have all had our strifes, our political, local, and social disagreements, and shall doubtless continue to have them, but they are soon forgiven and forgotten, and we turn to the bright side of the picture, and call to mind the early scenes in our settlement here, while the generous promptings of the heart bind us more closely together.

There is no period in man's life at which he is not more or less dependent upon his fellow man, and the experience of every day admonishes, that we should cultivate the christian virtues and neighborly kindness—and while we should manifest these towards all who come in contact with us, they are doubly due to those who shared

our early trials and privations, and have ever been ready to lend a helping hand to the "Old Settlers."

The history of the early settlement of Scott county is replete with interesting incidents, and to those of us who are "resuscitated" and breathe our charms upon "Uncle Sam's" land, it is a satisfaction to look back to that period, and compare Scott county then with Scott county now. No one here to-day can claim a sentiment anterior to that of our worthy President, and certainly no one has done more than he in aiding and encouraging the first settlers; and I may be permitted thus publicly to record the humble acknowledgments of my father's family to him, who was the first to extend his hand, to offer hospitality, and to welcome us to our prairie home. I was but a boy then, yet how well do I remember the scene when I landed one bright May morning in 1836, within four squares of the spot where we are now assembled.

The ground upon which "mine host" of the Bartis House has erected this spacious hotel, was a corn field, and two cabins below Main street constituted the improvements of the embryo "City of Davenport;" some half a dozen houses across the river in the then village of Stevenson marked the spot where now stands our twin-sister city.

The booming of the morning gun from Fort Armstrong warned the red man that Uncle Sam's troops were in possession of their island home, and assured the pioneer of protection and safety. The daily movements of noble steamers upon the bosom of our majestic river told us that the way was opened to immigration; while the unclaimed acres invited the husbandman to one of the finest soils ever warmed by the sun of Heaven.

Need we wonder that the old chieftain Black Hawk and his noble band refused to yield up the country to their white brethren? Can we blame them for clinging to this lovely spot, and for lingering around the graves of their dead?

"Over the fate of the Indian,
The Great Spirit has cast
The spear of the white man,
His glory is past."

While we may not stay the arm of destiny that is fast sweeping away the aboriginal of this continent as a distinctive race, we may question the policy that would exterminate them, and should throw the broad mantle of charity over their acts.

While homesteads suffice had done fully her share in making this country an inviting field for the immigrant, it required the genius and enterprise of man to develop its resources and plant its towns and villages.

Towns in these days were laid out with reference to natural advantages presented by the Mississippi river and its tributaries,

and hence every spot of ground along the river above high water mark (and some below) was surveyed, platted, pictured and named.

I will not undertake the task of recalling the names even of all the early cities in Scott county, but I must not pass in silence the contest for supremacy between Davenport and Rockingham. The history of this struggle for the county seat of Scott is so fresh in my memory that I can almost hear one of the "old guard" singing—

"Here we are, a happy happy band,
On the banks of Rockingham."

Davenport claimed the seat of justice, because of her central locality, her high and dry site, her beautiful surroundings, and her many other natural advantages, which we all now concede and realize—while Rockingham expected to become the great centre of commerce in consequence of the rich trade that was destined (as she supposed) to flow from the fertile valley of Rock river.

No one in those days expected to live long enough to see the lion horse flying over this western prairie, with its freights of human life, rich merchandise from the East, and the still more valuable products of the West.

Our ideas about traveling and commerce had not advanced beyond a light draught steamer and John Frink's mud wagons.—The wisdom and foresight of the statesmen of Illinois were directed to producing slack water navigation in Rock river, and a very decided amount of capital, energy and enterprise was devoted to building up Rockingham, in order that she might reap the benefit of the prosperous trade about to be opened with the Suckers in the rich valley of that river.

"I think I see the steamer *Gipsy*, with the boys on board, ready to start out on an experimental trip from the port of Rockingham, bound for Fox river, with a cargo of sundries, consisting chiefly of scoo-ti-up-po? *coo breed and coonah doings*?" Scoo-ti-up-po? "*chickin fixins and meonah doings*?" Captain Gray mounts the hurricane deck, rings the bell, and gives the word to the natives on shore to "cast off the starn hawser." The old *Gipsy* moves; that ponderous pile of green oak lumber fastened to her stern slowly revolves, reminding one of the current wheels we sometimes see on the rapids of a river. Away she goes, and the crowd on her decks give us three cheers at parting, while young Rockingham returns nine yells and a *chump*.

Such an event as opening the navigation of Rock river with a stern-wheeler was of too much importance in its local bearing upon the future of corner lots, for Davenport to wish the *Gipsy* a safe trip, and the

first movement to the voyage, and the place where Davenport first entered, was at the rapids near Vandraf's Island.

While the "old *Gipsy*," slowly ploughed her way through the waters of Rock river, a delegation of Davenporters cut across by land to the Vandraf rapids, to witness the experiment. The old steamer pushed on, and boldly approached the rushing waters and fearful boulders ahead, to the tune of Yankee Doodle, whistled by the wind instruments on board, with the variations. The Davenporters lay in ambush, watching the movements of the steamer, and wondering if such a craft could possibly ascend such a current. Oh, unfortunate Miss *Gipsy*! why did you run your nose between those sunken boulders, and bring every thing up standing? Why destroy the precious stores laid in for the trip, by smashing up glass and stone ware, thus rendering your passengers and crew forlorn and *spirited*? Will you give it up so? A yell from the "sepoys" in ambush decides the question. The order is given, and all hands boldly jump overboard, and never tire or faint until their craft has cleared the treacherous rocks, and is once more in smooth water.

I think I see around me some of the mariners who helped "work the ship" on that occasion, and who made the round trip, and returned wiser, if not better, fresh water coverts.

Who among you recollecting the incidents of those stirring times, will ever forget the first county-seat election? Certainly, not the prominent actors on either side, many of whom are with us to-day. The "border ruffians" of Missouri did not originate the idea of invading an adjoining territory in order to help their friends at an important election; nor can Mr. Calhoun claim to be the first man to record names whose owners were not at the ballot box. We had a "border" and a "Delaware crossing" long before Kansas was thought of, and, to use an expression of one of my pioneer friends, there was some "tall doings" on our borders and on our crossing.

The Suckers furnished a goodly number for both parties, but the delegations from "Snake Diggins" and Moscow, (the former headed by a two-listed miner, and the latter by the "old bogus coon,") increased the population of Scott county in one day to a number that astonished the unsophisticated, and threatened the depopulation of some of our sister counties.

Five days before the election both parties were certain of success, for each party supposed that it had outwitted the other in importing voters. The day of election arrived, and so did the imported patriots, rejoicing in the glorious principles of "squatter sovereignty," and believing in the regu-

lation of domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the party that could poll the most votes, and make the returns show it.

The result of this election indicated a very respectable population in the county in point of numbers, and proved that Davenport had colonized the most votes. The returns were made to the governor, who refused to issue a certificate, in consequence of alleged illegal voting, and the Legislature again provided for another election, and that the result should be recorded on the records of the Commissioners of Dubuque county.

The election came off, and Rockingham claimed the victory—while Davenport declared that the whole thing was illegal and void. From the popular arena the contest was transferred before the Commissioners of Dubuque county, thence to the courts, thence to the Legislature, and finally back again to the ordeal of "popular sovereignty."

Immediate preparations were made for another struggle, and now, three or four different points were brought before the people for the prize. Rockingham saw that she stood no chance in a triangular fight with her odd competitor, and at once determined to form an alliance with another rival candidate, located near the mouth of Duck Creek, so that the last contest was really between Davenport, and the Duck Creek cornfield.

The records of this county show that Davenport was triumphant, and the question was thus forever settled. The important incidents of this last election were not of sufficient interest to me at the time, to impress my mind with more than one idea about them. I saw something "going up" and broke for "old Cedar."

Rockingham no longer rivals Davenport, but in vindication of the truth of history, in justice to those who once inhabited the place, and in honor of two of the "old Rockingham guard," who still cling to her soil, I may be permitted to say that she was once a great place, and *well watered*.

During the time of the contest for the county seat, an event transpired which must not be omitted, in speaking of the history of our settlement. A dispute arose between the state of Missouri, and the then Territory of Iowa, as to the boundary line between them, and so determined were the authorities on both sides to exercise jurisdiction over the disputed territory, that it resulted, in what is known to the Old Settlers, as the "Missouri war."

There were warriors in those days; and I should do injustice to the patriotism of that period, if I neglected to notice the military daring of the volunteers, who rushed to the standard (and rations) of the com-

mander in chief, in obedience to his call. The Sheriff of a border county in Iowa, undertook to enforce the collection of taxes in the disputed Territory. He was arrested by the authorities of Missouri. The executive of Iowa demanded his release. It was refused; and to rescue this Sheriff, Governor Lucas ordered out the militia and called for volunteers. "My voice is now for war!"—was the patriotic response of every true "Hawkeye." The county seat question was forgotten in the more important duty of driving the invaders from our soil. Davenport and Rockingham men met, embraced, buckled on their armor, and side by side shouted their war cry—"death to the Missouri Police!" The officers in command held a council of war, and it was decided that Davenport should be the headquarters of the Scott County Army, in order that the troops might be inspired by the sight of old Fort Armstrong, and at the same time occupy a position so near the Fort, that a safe retreat would be at hand, in case of an attack from the enemy.

On the day appointed for the first drill, the whole country marched to the standard of the gallant Colonel in command, and Davenport witnessed one of the most spirited military reviews that ever took place within her limits. The line was formed on the bank of the river, fronting toward the enemy's country, the right resting against a cotton wood tree, the left in close proximity to the Ferry House. There they stood, veterans of iron nerve and dauntless courage, presenting a sight that would have daunted the most desperate foe, and assuring the women and children that they would defend their homes to the death, against the "border ruffians" from the Des Moines River.

The weapons, carried by some of these volunteer patriots, were not satisfactory to the commanding officers, and about one-fourth of the army were ordered out of the ranks, and their services dispensed with, unless they would procure others of a different character, and more in accordance with the Army regulations. The objectionable weapons consisted of a plough-colter, carried in a link of a large log-chain, which the valiant soldier had over his shoulder. Another was a sheet iron sword about six feet in length, fastened to a rope shoulder strap. Another was an old fashioned tin sausage stuffer. Another an old musket without a lock, and the balance of like character.

The order was given for the owners of these non-descript weapons to march out of the ranks three steps. The order was obeyed. The ranks closed up, and the offending soldiers were discharged with a reprimand.

I am not prepared to say that the commanding officer was justified, in thus summarily discharging so many men, who were ready and anxious to serve their country; and the result proved, that the amount of bravery dismissed was equal to that retained; for no sooner were the discharged soldiers clear of the line of the regiment, than they formed a company of cavalry, a company of dragoons, and a company which they called the "Squad," and then, under the superior generalship of their leader, the knight of the six foot sword, they made a bold charge upon the regulars, broke their line, drove not a few of them into the river, some into and some around the Ferry House, some into the grocery, and some out of town; thus defeating and dispersing the regular army without the loss of a man on either side.

This conflict was disastrous in its results to the regular army, and before the forces could again be collected, peace was declared and the army disbanded.

This unlooked for cessation of hostilities was a severe blow to the military aspirations of the "Hawkeyes," and disappointed the just expectations of those who had hoped to distinguish themselves in the defence of our Territorial rights. The disappointment was not felt by the army of Scott County alone. Numerous companies had been formed elsewhere, and had started for the seat of war, with supplies for the campaign.

A company of about thirty left an adjoining county, under the leadership of a chieftain, who often used to say that he could "whip his weight in wild cats," and who has since represented you in the National Congress—has been upon your Supreme Bench, and has also been Chief Justice of California.

He started out with thirty men and six baggage wagons, well loaded with supplies for his little army, and, being determined to keep up the *spirits* of his men, he freighted five of his wagons with whiskey.

The question of boundary was subsequently submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the disputed Territory given to Iowa.

At the commencement of the year 1840, this County contained about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, of which number about five hundred resided in Davenport. To-day your county boasts of a population of thirty thousand, and this city claims eighteen thousand of that number.

In 1840, at the head of the Rock Island Rapids, on the spot where now stands the city of Le Claire with a population of twenty-five hundred, grew a dense forest.

In 1840, the fertile, beautiful prairies of old Scott, were lying undisturbed by the husbandman; to-day they are teeming with

industrious, happy owners of the soil.

In 1840, there was but one steam engine in operation within the borders of your county, and that one was at Rockingham. To-day you may count them by hundreds, along the bank of your river, from Buffalo to Princeton, on our prairies, and in our groves.

In 1840, every face you met was a familiar one, and the greeting a greeting of recognition. To-day the oldest inhabitant hardly knows his next-door neighbor.

In 1840, it took from three to five days to go to Chicago, and thirteen to New York. To-day the lightning train puts you in Chicago in eight hours, and in New York in forty.

In 1840, the young men of this Association were happy children, sporting upon the village green, and making the welkin ring with merry laughter and innocent joy. To-day they are men aspiring to a position in life, that shall give them honor among their fellow men.

In 1840, the mothers and daughters of Scott County were happy in their cabin homes, and could pass in and out through the cabin doors. To-day the mothers and daughters occupy no more space in this open country, than the dear good creatures are entitled to.

In 1840, we were looking forward to a time when our then territory should become strong enough, to add another member to the Federal Union, and convince our eastern friends of the truth of "*Westward the star of empire takes its way*." To-day our most sanguine expectations are far more than realized, and we regard with pride our noble state, its prospective future, and the inducements it holds out to the thousands at the east, who still cling to that "Old Foggy" three inch soil, which with patient cultivation yields white beans, buckwheat cakes, and pumpkin pies.

Mr. President:—This day is the anniversary of the birth day of George Washington—our Washington—and we have chosen it as the day for our present and future festivals.

It is a day on which every true American citizen does some act in honor, or gives some thought to the memory of the father of his country. That memory is the sacred heritage of the people he established and no generation of that people shall pass away without leaving some memento that he was indeed first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Some one has truthfully written, that "the first word of American infancy should be mother; the second father; the third Washington." Although it is well that we as American citizens, should, on this his anniversary day, linger for a while at his tomb, and renew our patriotism, yet, too,

it is eminently fitting, that, assembled as pioneers, with the sympathies and feelings of pioneers all aroused within us, we should go to that tomb to-day, and remember that he too was a pioneer, and that in him burned strongly that bold, adventurous, persevering spirit that makes the pioneer; that he, too, endured pioneer hardships and privations, compared with which, ours sink into insignificance.

In his youth he was a pioneer surveyor in the then wilds of his native State, and many of the boundaries then established by him may be found to-day. In his early manhood he was selected by the Governor of Virginia as a pioneer envoy through the wilderness to the French Commandant on the Ohio. He was a pioneer in leading a little army against the French and Indians, in defence of the Virginia frontier, and thus early in his military career did he become known among his savage foes as "the spirit-protected man, who would be a chief of nations, for he could not die in battle." He was a pioneer in every thing that tended to advance the prosperity and happiness of his native land.

He was the pioneer of freedom in our legislative halls; on the battle-field through the long dark day of that terrible struggle; through the period of doubt and confusion that succeeded; and his wisdom and patriotism, equal to all emergencies, at last led us into the haven of rest, of peace, and of prosperity.

His life is a part of his country's history; and as living he laid the cornerstone of this vast confederation of States, that year by year, is waxing greater among the nations of the earth, so, though dead, his maxims and example, if we adhere to the one and imitate the other, shall produce a history more glorious than that of the past; shall nourish a greatness that time shall but add to and confirm; and the unborn generations shall rise up, and revere him as God's chosen instrument of blessing to their land. Let his wisdom and his patriotism ever pervade and guard the land he loved,—let his spirit be with us to-day; and as each turning year brings round again our festival day, let us ever remember that it is also the day that marks the birth of George Washington.

The Association then all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," as follows:

I.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?
Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

II.
We two have run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wandered many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne,
Chorus.—For auld lang syne, &c.

III.

We two have waddled in the burn
From morning till sun did close;
But so it is between us here, here now,
Since the days of auld lang syne.
Chorus.—For auld lang syne, &c.

IV.

And here's my hand my trusty friend,
Come, give a hand of time;
And we'll take a cup to friendship's growth,
For auld lang syne.
Chorus.—For auld lang syne, &c.

V.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a drop of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
Chorus.—For auld lang syne.

The company then proceeded to the parlors and spent an hour in shaking hands and conversation with one another, when the dining rooms were opened and the company proceeded to supper. After blessing, invoked by Rev. J. D. Brason, the whole company proceeded to partake of the bounteous and elegant supper prepared for the occasion.

After supper, the following regular toasts were announced by Mr. James Grant, chairman of the committee:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *Washington!*—No nation can claim, no country can appropriate him to itself. His name is the common property of patriots throughout the civilized world.
Standing and in silence.
2. *The Early Pioneers of Scott County*—The hardships and privations of a frontier life justly entitles them to the esteem of all those who enjoy the fruits of their early struggles: their posterity shall rise up and call them blessed.
3. *The Pioneer Dead*—May their names be preserved, their hardships remembered, and memories cherished, by their survivors, by their descendants, and by all who enjoy the goodly heritage to which they led the way.

To which the Hon. James Grant, responded as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I cannot respond to the sentiment just uttered, without interrupting, for a moment, the current of your joyous thoughts, while I ask you to drop a tear to the memory of the dead.

Of all this numerous assembly there are few, to whom death has not come nigh, since they first encountered the privations and toils of a settlement west of the great river.

But now we sit,—at twilight's soft decline,—
In peace beneath the shadow of the vine.

If e'er to conquering warrior has been owed
The glory of an honored, world-wide name;
If e'er on noble souls has been bestowed
That lofty homage which is truest fame;
If e'er in history's page or classic verse
Our country's Fathers have been justly praised;
In humbler strains we surely may release
The deeds of those by whom our hearths were raised:
Who left their kindred to return no more,
And reared their altars on this wild-wood shore.

All are not here: Where sinks the emerald wave
In long, dull surges toward the glowing West,
Lies many a heart as noble and as brave
As e'er was laid beneath the sod to rest.
They droop'd the acorn on the barren globe—
At noon we rest beneath the oak tree's shade.

We meet again: the scattered band unite
In social converse as in days of yore;
No! Not as when, within the ruddy light
Of oak boughs blazing at the cabin door,
We sat and talked the winter night away,
Till morning streaked the Eastern hills with gray.

No more the Red Men round our dwelling proud,
No foes lie unslain in each leafy bower,
No more the wolf's swift spring or sudden howl
Startles the sleeper at the midnight hour:
Nor leaping flame before the rapid slide
Speed like the waves when wintry storms prevail.

From lonely AMERICUS'S now-dismantled fort
Down the still stream no martial strains are borne.
In stately towns where busy crowds resort,
The cheerful sounds of labor greet the morn.
From happy homes the voice of mirth floats by,
And plashing waves and laughing winds reply.

Oh! have I heard the times recounted o'er,
When every cabin window was a door,
When corn was ground upon a lantern's side,
And doors by lute-strings to the timbers tied:
Small was the store a lawless horde to tempt,
From thieves and robbers happily exempt.

However that be, of this there is no doubt
In those good times the lute-strings all hung out,
And neighboring friend and stranger guest might share
The road track's shelter and the simple fare:
E'en now the cabin ten by twelve is seen
Where on a time 'tis said there lodged fifteen!

But mingled with these recollections gay
There wakes a sadder, gentler strain for those
Who like some castle crumbling to decay
Were doomed to ruin when the new arose.

'Tis eve, the stars with silvery sheen
Rise silently and slow,
The pallid moon looks out between,
The waves repose below,
And not the dipping of an oar
Breaks on the stillness of the shore.

Was it the whisper of the breeze
Sighing among the tangled grass?
Was it the moaning of the trees
When far above the storm clouds pass:
Oh no, in silence still and deep,
The tiniest flower is hushed to sleep.

But there ARE sounds,—I hear them now.
They swell along the plain:
'Tis not the murmur of the rill,
'Tis not the dash of rain,—
And can there be a foot so light
To stir the rustling leaves to night?

There is,—along the slant hill-side,
Where dark some forests grow,
Singly the dusky figure glides,—
Look you can see them now!
Pause! 'Tis a band of Indian braves—
Who come to seek their chieftains' graves.

Disturb them not, as silently
These well known paths they trace,
Not long among us may there be
Remnants of that old race.
They fade as fades the morning ray
Before the glowing eye of day.

A little time they linger here,
Uncared for and unknown,
To shed a solitary tear,
O'er comrades lost and gone.
Silent and sad they gather round
Some lonely, undistinguished mound.

Hark! all the solemn woods along,
A soft and saddened lay
As if some heart in plaintive strain,
Would pour itself away.
List! while the mournful cadence swells
Clear as the tone of evening bells.

"Still roll the river waves as blue
As when we launched the bark canoe,
Or when we applied the dripping oar
Beneath the shelter of the shore,
Still sings the lark a welcome guest,
Still holds the dove her wings to rest,
Still the green arching forests spread
Their boughs as widely overhead,
But 'neath their shadow now, alas!
No more our bounding warriors pass,
Silent where once their foot-steps fell,
Land of our birth, farewell!"
Soft echo answers to the trembling lay:
'Neath heavy shadows glides the group away.

Oh! kindly sun! Oh! soft benignant day!
At thy glad dawn the darkness takes its flight,
The sombre hues of twilight melt away,
And sunrise bathes the Eastern hills with light.
So smiled the morn with beauty all aglow
On this fair land some twenty years ago!
Faint the light blushes up the dewy skies,
From cot and couch the cheerful dwellers rise,
The cabin windows open, with fly the doors,
The frugal wife brings out her garnered stores,
The cheerful children, with their sun-browned hair,
Forake the house and sport in open air.
While soon,—the duties of the morning done,—
Some strapping youth, with ready dog and gun,
Rounds through the woods, if haply he may bring:
From its fair height the wild bird on the wing,
Or 'mid the rustling forest chance to hear
The short, sharp panting of the startled deer,
And proud, though weary, from the chase may hear
Back to his cot the noon and evening cheer.
One seeks in pastures for the transient cow,
Another vexes the cattle to the plow,
He marches slow the well-trained pair beside:
Plain wagon seats were then no far to pride—
Well was the place of coach and team supplied!
So glides the day until at eve they meet,
Children and sire, each in his customary seat,
While plenty smokes upon the cheerful board,
And clear cold wine the sparkling streams afford.
Well the day's ventures do the hours beguile,
The duldest face oft wears a gladsome smile.
Now blue-eyed "babe" sings herself to rest,
Safe cradled in an ancient, hollow chest,
Hark, from the farthest corner "Charlie's" call
For "B" to make a rabbit on the wall.
Then comes the time for little hunter "Ben,"
To day he surely found a lion's den.
But closed are "Alice's" eyes, her drooping head
Finds the soft pillow of her little bed.
The hours pass cheerily till all softly creep
Away to childhood's light, unconscious sleep,—
And starlight, peeping through the half-closed door,
Kisses the sleepers on the cabin floor.

How fled the years in humble scenes like these,
With much to sadden, more, far more to please.
And who shall tell, that in this later day—
When life has grown more earnest and less gay—
A richer pleasure through its current thrills
Than in those eots among the breezy hills?

Simple their joys, their days in quiet spent—
Hope for a watchword, for a shield content,—
Till slow at length beneath their forming blows
A garden from the wilderness arose.

Lo! As we gaze along the slender piers
Which bear aloft the lengthening arch of years,
As we retrace the first faint morning ray
And glance rejoicing to this noon-tide day,
Glad hopes, bright visions o'er our bosoms throng,
And the full heart finds utterance in song.

Oh noble West! Oh mighty West!
Oh ever bright and free,
Thy prairies, by the breeze caressed,

Roll wave-like as the sea,
And through the long and tangled grass—
The sunbeam's golden fingers pass.
Thy streams are like the streams of Time,—
Their source we cannot see,
We only hear the water's change.
Break low and musically,
And hear the phasing waves, like rain,
Dash on the shore, then sing again.
No pilgrim comes with weary feet
O'er many a desert mile,
His prayer or promise to repeat
Beneath some sacred pile,
Nor counts the solitary hours
Beneath a city's ruined towers.
But in this world so fresh and young,
Which like the goddess from the loom
To life full grown and radiant brings,
Lies that dear spot OUR HOME,
And round its portals Love and Truth
Shall wind the wreaths of endless youth.

Hushed is the song, a sadder strain we met for hours so bright,
Only the calm clear voice of Hope should whisper here to night.

Glad faces are around us, sweet tones upon the air,
And the glance of fond affection meets our greeting every where.

There are blessings from the aged, kind wishes from the young,
And joy her rosy radiance has o'er our gathering hung.

We hail the fleeting moments, where the Past and Present stand,
One with a dark-some cypress wreath, one with a snow white band.

We hail the glorious future, with her cup of bliss untried,
We hail the white-winged maiden Hope, that blushes at her side.

And the delicious present, shall trip rejoicing by,
As lightly as the winged wind across a Southern sky.

But tears are quivering on the moistened cheek,
A glance on life's receding track we cast,
Our voice is mute, our lips refuse to speak,
Our hearts o'erflow with memories of the Past.

OH! FRIENDS OF OLD! We must again to-night,
Our hopes and wishes as of yore to bind,
Thus will we keep the links of friendship bright,
Thus will we journey onward to the end,
And hand to hand in cordial greeting pressed,
We'll breathe a blessing on the glorious West!

5. *The History of Scott County*—When we open this book, we find inscribed on every page the gospel of both peace and plenty—preclaiming perennial blessings to all whose faith is accompanied by work.

Responded to by Mr. J. A. Birchard, of Pleasant Valley, in a brief address, in which he spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—The history of any new country must necessarily be one of trials, hardships and privations. The pioneers have to leave the land of their birth, the home of their childhood, the hearthstone around which centered all their early joys and sorrows—the district school house, where they received rudiments, if not the whole of their education—the village church where they assembled weekly to worship their Creator, the friends of their youth and early manhood. These must be all left,

and it is like tearing a young sapling from its mother earth.

New associations must be formed, new homes must be made, new school-houses and churches built. But, compared with the trials and hardships of the first settlers in the States east of us, if we except those of our neighbor across the river, ours are not worth talking about.

There many of them packed their goods and little ones two or three hundred miles on horseback, almost through a trackless wilderness, and were four or five weeks in making the journey. Then their difficulties with the Indians. When I tell you that I was born in the valley of the Susquehanna, in the county where the massacre of Wyoming occurred, you will believe me sir, when I tell you that many of the tales of suffering that I have heard are too horrible to relate.—Before they could raise an ear of corn they had a heavy forest to remove, that took twenty or thirty hard days work to the acre. Then they had the rocks and stumps to contend with for years. I have serious doubts whether a merciful creator, that always does things well, ever intended the country for the habitation of civilized and christianized man. It is the natural home of the speckled trout, the wild deer, and the Indian.

For us, a bountiful Providence had provided an excellent highway to get here, and when here a prolific soil ready for the plow, and pasturage sufficient for the flocks and herds of Laban and Jacob, and their sons for a dozen generations.

It is true, that from 1839 to '44, we thought we had some pretty hard times—when it took a bushel of wheat to buy a yard of calico, and a hundred pounds of pork to pay for as many of salt. But these were very different hard times from what they have in the old country; there it is, starvation times that they call hard. If we could not get the two dollars a day, we could get the roast beef, and upon the whole, we had a pretty good time of it.

I first crossed the Mississippi in a canoe nearly where the bridge now stands.—This was in July, 1836. I presume there were not more than three hundred inhabitants then in the county. You, Mr. President, and your ferryman, Mr.

Colton, were the only settlers in Davenport, and Mr. Eleazar Parkhurst, the only one at LeClaire.

At that time there was not, to my knowledge, a single mile of Railroad between the Mississippi River and the Alleghany Mountains.

The iron horse, except at the Portage road in Pennsylvania, had never tasted the waters that flow through our noble river to the Gulf. Now the amount that he consumes daily would have floated the entire navy of the United States at the time of the revolution; and the amount of produce that he moves from this fertile valley towards a market in the same time, would make a full freight for it.

The last time that I crossed the river was upon my return last fall from a visit to my friends in my native State, and I crossed, how differently. I crossed the great father of the waters as it cannot be crossed at any other point from its source to its mouth—upon a noble structure, a proud monument to the enterprise and perseverance of the inhabitants of the twin cities. To the pioneers of Davenport belongs a very large share of the credit for this truly magnificent improvement.

The train upon which I crossed was brought over by a locomotive named after one of our prominent pioneers.—We landed where, when I first crossed the river, stood the lone cabin of our President. What do I find now? A city teeming with life, and containing a larger population and more wealth, than was contained in Galena, St. Louis, and Chicago.

I think, sir, we have proved our faith by our works, and if any man can be skeptical upon the sentiment contained in the text, let him take a ride any pleasant day along the river, from Buffalo to Princeton, from thence through the prairie to Blue Grass, and he will become a convert to the "Gospel both of peace and plenty."

We have formed new associations—that they have been pleasant ones I have the best evidence in the world around me this evening.

We have transplanted the young sapling, it has taken deep root in a congenial soil and become a sturdy tree.

We have made the new homes, raised the new altars, built the new school-houses and churches. To do this required men; men of iron nerve, of strong arms and large hearts, and such were the pioneers of Scott county.

6. *The City of Davenport*—The Pet and the Pride of glorious "old Scott?" crown jewel of the Upper Mississippi: the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.

Responded to by Hon. James Thornton, in whose off-hand remarks were mingled the humor and good sense which are so characteristic of the speaker.—Unfortunately, a copy of his remarks were not obtained in time for publication here.

7. *The Race that occupied the land before us*—Men in physical ability; stoics in morals: They are our brothers.

Rev. Mr. Powers responded to this, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—It is fitting, amid the stirring, local and national associations of this hour, to remember that stern race whose fair heritage we possess. Their hunting grounds have become our harvest fields; the sites of their wigwams are thriving settlements and industrious marts; household sounds and christian worship, are heard where resounded their war cry; and on their trail the iron railway shoots towards the setting sun.

Though children of the wilderness, rude sanguinary and superstitious, still their savage humanity is redeemed by many heroic virtues. As magnanimous in friendship as they were implacable in revenge; as sagacious in council, as dauntless in war—ever patient, intrepid, self-reliant, imperturbable in success or defeat, with their darkest traits are always blended lines of light, which reveal the nobler qualities of the man.

Indian history, sir, is not barren of pathetic incident and brilliant example. Heroes and patriots live in its exciting chronicles. And whether we contemplate the noble constancy of King Philip, the magnanimity of Massesoit, the tenderness of Pochahontas, the eloquent enthusiasm of Garangula and Red Jacket, the chivalrous heroism of Tecumseh, or the fervid patriotism of Black Hawk, we recognize types of character which claim our sympathy and commend our admiration.

Though the Indian saw in the trophies of advancing civilization, fruitful lands and peaceful arts, the ornaments and amenities of life, still we can honor that sentiment which inspired his devotion to the rude freedom of his native wilds, and provoked resistance to the aggressive pioneer with all the arts of subile strategy and force, even when the shadow of doom was dark upon him. Yes, we can honor him, for the land that we loved was the land of his fathers, and he felt that their voices spoke to him of duty and patriotism from their graves.

But the memory of this peculiar race shall not pass away, though they have left no monuments in marble to plead for them from ruin and decay. It is perpetuated in the appellation of mighty waters and everlasting lands. Their legends whisper in every wind, in the falling leaf, and feathery snow, and in all the cadences of the woods and shores. And while our harvests ripen under auspicious suns, and while the blue rivers bear our commerce to the sea, while a grateful people enjoy the blessings of the Great Father of us all, the story of their pastimes and their prowess, shall be repeated in the homes of the happy and the free.

S. Antoine Le Claire—First in settlement—first in efforts to make our city peerless among rivals—first in the esteem of his fellow citizens—first President of this society; may "*his shadow never be less.*"

Responded to by E. Cook, Esq., who regretted that the reply had not been committed to bolder hands—a regret wholly uncalled for, as he did not fail in doing the subject full justice. His laudations of Mr. Le Claire were recognized as correct and merited.

9. Marquette and Joliet—The Pioneers of Pioneers. History, poetry, fiction exhibit nowhere a heroism so lofty, a daring so noble, an ambition so pure, a faith so lovely as may be found in the oft neglected but simple and touching story of the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa.

Responded to by J. F. Dillon, who said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—No sentiment has been offered to-night, to which I could more heartily respond than to that. In my judgment it is eminently pertinent. I may possibly amplify, but can scarcely hope to add to the thoughts it concisely

embraces. Its language is not that of exaggeration.

If I heard aright Marquette and Joliet are styled the "Pioneers of Pioneers." Literally and strictly true. Beyond evil, they were the first white men who set foot on the soil of Iowa. Nor was the advent of the pale face so recent as we are apt to imagine. About fifty years only after the landing of the Pilgrims—nearly sixty years prior to the founding and settlement in Georgia by the enlightened and chivalric Oglethorpe—almost ten years before William Penn made his famous treaty with the natives, distinguished as being the only treaty ever made with the ill-starred race.

"Never sworn to, and never broken,"

did the illustrious Marquette and Joliet visit lovely Iowa.—the State we are proud to call our own! In strictest verity, then, they are the "Pioneers of Pioneers."

Something methought I heard in the sentiment about their heroism and daring! and something about their unquestioning Faith and pure Ambition!

How gladly under other circumstances, would I link upon this interesting, this suggestive theme; But it would be vastly imprudent to risk an excursion to this enchanted ground, where one would infallibly be tempted to linger longer than the proprieties of the occasion, and the advanced hour of the night would warrant. A few words, then, and a few only, must suffice. We must be contented to glance at without entering upon the delightful land.

The whole West, the Mississippi Valley, at the time of which I speak, was an unexplored wilderness. More than a century had elapsed since the discovery of the Mississippi by the romantic De Soto, who, though he found not gold in its sands, most fittingly found a grave beneath its waters,—yet nothing more than its bare existence was known.

No European ever knew where it rose or where it discharged its mighty floods. Marquette knew of it only by from the reports of the natives as the "Great River" lying somewhere in the distant West, and whose banks were reputed to be thronged with blood-thirsty savages, and whose waters were said to abound in destructive monsters.

He felt animated to attempt its discovery; and nobly dared to brave every danger, and endure every hardship incident to the perilous undertaking.

Why did he seek it? and how?

He sought it, not as thousands in our own day have sought distant lands in our continent, and a still more distant island in a distant ocean, for Gold! He sought it not for worldly fame, or worldly ends. He sought it as an humble missionary, for the purpose of proclaiming the Gospel, and erecting the standard of Christianity among the tribes that he thought to find residing upon its banks. I see, in imagination, Marquette and Joliet, with but five attendants and two guides, leave the last white settlement, and boldly pushing forward, they knew not where, among hostile and unknown tribes.

Their guides can aid them no farther, and the guides return. Submitting to the guidance of Providence, with their light canoes upon their backs, they at length find the Wisconsin. Unlike streams they left behind them, this flows toward the setting sun. They patiently follow its current an entire week, when lo! the long sought-for river, as magnificent then as it is to-day, burst upon their enraptured vision.

Day after day they sailed down its waters. They certainly passed, mayhaps landed, at the place where our flourishing city now stands.

Near the Southern boundary of our State they saw footprints on the sands of the river shore. They landed, anticipating, but not dreading, death at every step, and kept upon the trail until it led to an Indian village upon the banks of the Des Moines.

Their courage and heroism faltered not a moment. They boldly advanced, and Marquette proclaimed to the astonished natives God and the doctrines and mysteries of the faith which he taught.

The remarks of the eloquent gentleman who responded to number seven, remind me of the first words of the natives on the banks of the Des Moines, on beholding Marquette and his companions: "We are men," said they. And men they were. They are brothers. They were recognized as such by Marquette "in his labors of love."

Do the departed look down upon us? If so, with what astonishment must these

early voyageurs behold the marvellous growth and development of the country they were the first to point out and visit.

We love to imagine, as they trod these shores in the majestic solitude of nature, that they heard the tramp of many millions! and had visions of the empires that have since arisen so marvelously upon the banks of the great river they were the first to explore.

They founded no cities. They left no permanent monument behind them! Yet a generous posterity will not willingly let their names perish. So far as they, or their "simple and touching story" is concerned, no "Old Mortality" is needed by the "Pioneer settlers" assembled here to-night. So long as your river flows, it will water their memories, and preserve them fresh and green.

10. *The Pioneer Press of Scott County.*

Mr. Andrew Logan was first called upon, and made some brief but pertinent remarks in regard to the growth of the Press in Davenport. He was followed by Alfred Sanders, Esq., Senior Editor of the Gazette, who spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—In responding to that sentiment permit me to express my pleasure in meeting so many of my fellow citizens, those whose features and voices have so long been familiar to me. I love to look upon their smiling faces, many of which, alas! since they first were familiar to my sight, have become worn and furrowed by time, while their looks have grown thin and blanched by age.—But we are all passing away—we that were boys and girls a few years since, are now the fathers and mothers of boys and girls, and the responsibility that devolved upon our parents, now rests upon us. Another score of years and our children will be the actors in the drama of life, and we either be spectators or retired altogether from the stage of action.

When the portals of manhood first opened to me, and the wide world lay spread out before me, I started upon a tour of two thousand miles. I viewed many towns on my route, but the one that presented the strongest attractions, that offered me the most inducements to return and make it my home, was then the insignificant, but beautiful town of

Davenport, at that time a village of some five hundred inhabitants.

In the same year of my life I came and declared my intention of becoming a citizen, and the next year returned and brought with me my press, my partner in business—I might almost add, my partner in life, as she immediately followed—and planted my stakes for life.

We landed here on the 11th day of August, 1841, on one of the smallest steamers that ever ascended the Mississippi River. In crossing the Lower Rapids we had to pole over, the power of the engine not being sufficient to propel the little steamer against the current! We were four days thence in reaching the town of Davenport. As we landed here the good people of the village crowded down to the wharf to see and aid in disembarking the new press, and so effectually did they succeed in the latter particular, that they managed before they got it ashore, to bury it beneath the waves of the Father of Waters! Thus it was baptized, and I trust it never did discredit to the town it represented, the cause it advocated, nor—the ghostly fathers that administered the ordinance!

That we saw hard times for many years in the publication of the *Gazette*, every old settler from personal experience knows to be the fact, but being blessed with a spirit that never says die, we persevered, and the paper now stands as one of the institutions of the West.

With pride I say it, Mr. Chairman—as I presume it to be the only instance on record in the West—that although we had to purchase all our paper and materials in the East, and have them brought out by the slow and tedious course of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and although we had our paper sunk and burned, and delayed by every accident incident to so long a transportation, and although my assistants were sick, and I alone had to fill every department of the paper, from writing its editorials, and setting its type, down to working at press, and rolling for papers, yet during the sixteen and a half years that I have controlled the *Gazette*, it has never missed a single number.

Of all those connected with the press in the State of Iowa, or in the entire region of country west of the Mississippi river, from its source to its outlet, at

the time I commenced the publication of the *Davenport Gazette*, not a single one remains in that capacity—they are all gone, a few to other occupations, but the great majority of them to the bourne from whence no traveller returns. I stand alone, and yet not alone—there are more editors this day in the city of Davenport than there were then in the entire State of Iowa—and throughout the West, who can number them.

I will but add, that if an accountability attaches to us old settlers, for our agency in inducing many persons to leave the comforts and luxuries of Eastern homes to take up their abode here, where they were denied those luxuries, that I will have full as much to answer for as you; but if I have no worse reflection to vex my last hours, than the thought of my instrumentality in inducing good people to make Davenport their homes, I shall certainly depart in peace.

11. *The Pioneer Children*.—They are now, brave young men and fair young women; may their lives, if not as eventful, be as useful as those of their parents.

Responded to by G. W. Hoge, in a very creditable speech. He said:

One of Scott County's earliest born,—it is with no little pleasure, Mr. President, that I respond to this call, which recognizes me as such; and to the toast, in which we, "children of the soil," are so kindly remembered.

There are hours, sir, in the lives of all, which, from attendant circumstances, become eras—landmarks along the pathway of life, to which memory will revert, with undiminished interest. Such an one will be the present occasion be; and by none will it be remembered with a truer, or more lasting pleasure, than by us, the junior members of this noble family—is, "the Pioneer Children of Scott County."

Born here, many of us, at a time when but a few scattered and lowly dwellings marked the site of the now populous and opulent city of Davenport—while our beautiful State, herself was yet in embryo—our interest in Scott county has been no less deep, our affection for her no less fervent than their's who, emigrants from other States, came here to find a second home on our boundless prairies, or beside our noble river.

We, sir, had no sacred ties to sever—no happy fire-sides in Eastern homes to regret—here was our first, our only home—we knew no other, and we cared for none. To us, the world was bounded on the East by

the Mississippi, and Davenport was its metropolis.

Scott county, sir, has been, as it were, our twin sister; we have grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength—her friends are our friends, and her prosperity our "chief joy."

Here, sir, has been the theatre of all our joys and all our sorrows. Here, cradled in the arms of Pioneer mothers, the days of our childhood passed as one bright, unbroken dream; and, as days lengthened into years, and the babe became the boy, by the side of the Pioneer fathers, we have have explored, to us, the unbounded expanse of the seedland, or the harvest field; happy, though we could not work, to carry the sickle or the hoe; and wishing that we were men, that, we too, might hold the plough, or reap the grain, or drive a prairie team.

Or we have stood, while the "sounding aisles of the dim woods rang," to the stroke of the Pioneer's axe, and watched the big chips fly, until the mighty oak reeled—tattered and fell, with a crash that woke the woodland echoes many a rood. How longed we to be woodsmen then!

And here, sir, on many a bright Summer's day, we sat in the rustic school house, striving to comprehend the mysteries of spelling-book or primer, until released from study—gamboling in unrestrained freedom on nature's own green carpeting, spend before the door—a merry band, we shouted our delight, unrestricted by city ordinances.

And when the week slipped by, and Sabbath morning smiled, with reverence we sat in the weather-beaten church, while, in heartfelt terms, the Pioneers praised the name of their father's God, for this their inheritance, and earnestly besought his blessings on their prairie homes.

Such, sir, were our joys—we had our sorrows, too. For, ever and anon, a dark cloud of gloom gathered over the little settlement, as some loved one was taken from our midst by the hand of the destroyer.

A father, perhaps—well-beloved—stricken down in the pride of his manhood; or some tender mother is gone—leaving sad and desolate, a heretofore happy hearth.—Or, perchance, the prattling babe—the light and sunshine of the cottage circle—unfolded its little wings, and soared, a white-robed cherub, to its starry home. Or the merry, light-hearted child—the joyous sharer of our youthful sports—left us, with aching heart and quivering lips, to mourn his early grave.

But this is too sad a theme—there is another—a brighter one—to which we gladly turn.

The birth-right, sir, is not alone to us of the "sterner sex"—for I can look around me here to-night and see many a sparkling

eye, whose first bright glance lit up the loneliness of the settler's cabin—many a coral lip whose first sweet smile gladdened a Pioneer mother's heart. And the witchery of these bright glances has been around us ever. These sweet smiles like the garden of the boy and man—gave zest to our youthful pleasures, as to-night they throw enchantment round this festive scene.

And where, Mr. President—whether as now gracing the crowded assembly, or in the home circle, filling and adorning alike the various stations of daughter, sister, wife, or all combined—where, I ask, will you find a lovelier galaxy than these, the Pioneer daughters of Scott county. And, sir, all of this gentle sisterhood are not with us on this occasion.

The snow lies lightly over some well-remembered forms that sleep in yonder grave yard. Some, for a time, have left us, whom we hope, ere long, to greet again. Others—we miss them all,—on distant shrines have placed their household gods. But we feel assured sir, that if these absent ones know of this, our social gathering, their hearts are with us in our joy; for while

"Through other streams their footsteps roam,
Still hither must their hearts expand,
There is their loved—adopted home—
This, this, is still their native land."

What wonder, then, Mr. President, that we love this soil, hallowed by such associations? What wonder, that in our eyes Scott county is the "fairest land the sun shines on?"

We glory in this our birth-place. We glory in the noble stock from which we sprung. May, they, sir, never have cause to blush for us!

12. *The City of Le Claire*—Our young and prosperous Sister. Let Davenport look well to her laurels.

Laurel Summers, Esq., was to have responded to this toast, but was obliged to send a letter of regret. Judge Grant made some humorous remarks in comparison of Davenport and Le Claire, bringing in some excellent puns.

13. *Woman*—The pride and ornament of the proudest palace—the joy and sunshine of the humblest cabin.

Hiram Price, Esq., responded as follows: Mr. CHAIRMAN:—I am called upon to respond to that sentiment, that "Woman is the pride and ornament of the proudest palace, and the joy and sunshine of the humblest cabin."

Well, sir, nobody doubts that, do they? There is but one side to that subject, and consequently no chance for an argument.—Woman! I rather like the name, it seems like coming back to first principles, and while I am well satisfied that she is justly entitled to an abler advocate, and better

representative than myself, yet I am bold to assert that the declaration contained in that toast is literally and emphatically true.

You might have gone further sir, and added to the reading, the words—"and generally pretty hard to get ahead of," for certain I am that all present will agree with me, when I say that it is daily becoming a more difficult task to get around them.

"The pride and ornament of the proudest palace." Yes, sir, of this there can be no question, and yet what I may say on this point, must of necessity be more historical, than experimental knowledge. But sir, when you talk of her as being the joy and sunshine of the humblest cabin, I can speak from experience—on the subject of cabins I am at home. I've been there—as boy and man I have builded them, and lived in them, and to-night my memory runs back to the day of my boyhood, and calls up before my mental vision the image of my mother, as she appeared to me in those days, at once the joy and the sunshine of my cabin home.

Whether viewed from this stand point, or from one a little farther down the stream of time, where with her who for nearly a quarter of a century has shared the lights and shades of life with me, and who accompanies me to this festive hall to-night, I commenced the battle of life in the world, in either case, and from every point of observation, I am furnished with evidence to conclusively establish the fact, that woman is the joy and sunshine of the cabin.

The homes of America! Yea, the homes of the world, all proclaim with united voice that woman is not only the pride of the palace, but that she is emphatically the joy and sunshine of the cabin.

In this world, palaces are for the few, cabins for the million. Among the domicils of earth, cabins are the rule, palaces the exception. But whether in the palace or in the cabin, it is in the home circle that woman finds her proper sphere, her true element. It is from that centre that her influences radiate, revealing fountains of joy, reservoirs of sunshine, wherever her voice is heard in the territory of christian organization, and much, very much of what the world possesses of happiness is attributable to that influence.

True, there have been occasional instances where woman has stepped out of this sphere and for a time, has, with meteoric flashes, fixed the gaze and attracted the attention of an astonished world. Such, for instance, as the Maid of Saragossa, Joan of Arc, and last though not least, Florence Nightingale, the latter was, and is, at once the pride of all palaces, and the joy and sunshine of all cabins; but these are exceptions to the rule, and only prove the rule to be that the

home circle is woman's true kingdom.—Without her man would be a savage, a hairy faced unshaven savage, for without her smooth and smiling face constantly before him, he would not have been sufficiently civilized to shave.

'Twas for these, among other reasons, that the declaration went forth from above, that it was not good for man to be alone.—And Mr. Chairman, it is but a few months since one of the christian powers of Europe was compelled to send out a ship load of women to one of their Island Colonies, to prevent their colonists from relapsing into barbarism. That, sir, was emphatically a ship load of joy and sunshine for the cabins of that Colony.

It is true, sir, that without this influence,

"Man may climb the slippery steep,
Where wealth and honor lofty shine—
A love of gold may tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine."

but in all that ennobles, all that elevates, all that raises from earth and points Heavenward, in all that feeds and fills his higher nature, he will be deficient. And even now, sir, I hear from afar the lamentation of one of earth's most favored and gifted sons, as from the exalted position to which he had climbed in search of happiness and fame, he exclaims—

"I miss thee, my mother, in the long Winter nights,
I remember the tales thou wouldst tell—
The romance of wild fancy, the legend of light—
Ah! who could'er tell them so well?
Thy corner's now vacant, thy chair is removed—
It was kind to take thee from mine eye:
But the robes are round me, the loved and the prized
To call up the pure and sorrowful sigh."

This, sir, speaks an influence deep and high. An influence upon which more than any one human agency depends the destiny of our country. It speaks in language not to be mistaken, giving tone and shape and color to Pulpit, the Press and the Forum. It is the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself.

And now to the women present—the women of Scott county. In view of the extent and importance of their influence, may I not be allowed to say, in the language of one of the gifted of their own sex—

"Up woman to thy duty! Now's
The day, and now's the hour
To use thy boasted influence—
To prove thy magic power!
Unless thy tongue—the word of truth
That would a household save,
If spoken well, perchance may snatch
A thousand from the grave!
On in thy work with strong free heart,
Thy mission's from above!
You cannot fail if you are true,
For all the work is love!
And "God is Love!" and woman's sphere
Of love and hope was given
To draw the wanderer from his sins,
And point him up to Heaven!"

To the "Pioneer Settlers," permit me, in closing to say, that the sincere desire of

my heart is, that you may never lack pride for your palace, or joy and sunshine for your cabin, and may you live to enjoy many such happy reunions as this in future time, and when all shall be numbered with the "Pioneer Dead" may you all have a brighter and a happier reunion in the land of the "Great Hereafter."

The following volunteer toasts were then offered.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

SENT BY LAURAL SUMMERS

Scott County—Unsurpassed in beauty and fertility of soil—may her "Old Settlers" long live to enjoy their annual festivals.

Judge Grant introduced with very appropriate remarks, and a eulogy upon his subject—"The memory of Col. Davenport," which was drank standing and in silence.

Willard Barrows, Esq., was next called upon, and made a few impromptu but heartfelt and pertinent remarks. The present gathering was, he said, the fruit of long cherished hope on his part, and there never before had been a moment in his life in which such emotions had possessed him as at present. It was a blending of the hardships of the past, with the serene quietness and social sympathies of the present.—They were thirsty soldiers who had met brightened joys, and softened sorrows and by cool water the hot labor of a weary campaign of years. They were the victors, scarred and toilworn, but secure for the future, and, save a saddened memory, a here and there an old familiar face was wanting, and thought traced his upturned lineaments upon some distant battle field, there was no cause save for rejoicing.

Mr. Barrows spoke in a similar strain for a few moments, and closed his remarks by saying that he felt to-night like one of old who loved her friends, and whose memorable words of affection shall live for ever: "Entreat me not to leave thee or forsake thee—for whither thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God—where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried!"—and when I shall have gone to that "house from whence no traveler returns," the greatest boon I can ask is, that my grave may be surrounded by the "Pioneer Settlers' Association of Scott county!" His modest fear of saying too much, unfortunately, overcame the wishes of his auditors to listen to him longer. It is, perhaps, owing to him more than any other, that the idea of an "Old Settlers" reunion became a practical fact—shaped to the fair and goodly proportions which it possessed.

All honor to his efforts, which resulted so happily, and may scores of returning festivals afford yearly gratitude to his name, as well as others who labored to originate them.

BY COL. T. C. EADS.

The Old Settlers of Scott County—Drawn together by the indissoluble ties of a common fate—a relationship stronger than that of blood; no power save He who governs the world shall sever the brotherhood till the last of the noble band shall sink into an honored grave and leave posterity to say, He was a man.

BY W. ALLEN:

The Pioneer Settlers of Scott County—May the noble spirit which prompted them to attempt the civilization of this magnificent wilderness, so mould and energize the souls of their descendants, that the Creator's grand design in the settlement of this beautiful land may be speedily accomplished, and its results be manifested by the countless spires that shall direct to heaven, from every town and village, the thoughts of a free and happy people.

BY A LADY:

Dr. J. J. Burtis—The gentlemanly and agreeable proprietor of this palatial Hotel, may he be completely successful in his benevolent plan for public entertainment, and his brightest anticipations be more than realized.

BY C. C. ALVORD:

The Sons and Daughters of the Old Settlers—May they imitate us in perseverance, frugality and industry, and their seed shall not go begging bread.

The Matrons of this Association—Our help, comfort and consolation in every time of need, and the fruits of their labor now follow them.

BY JAS. THORINGTON:

Our Host, Dr. Burtis—May he prepare the annual feast for the "Old Settlers' Association," or be present as an invited guest, to the last one, attended by the last member, and may he give equal satisfaction at them all as he has to-night.

By request the Hon. John P. Cook, sang the following song:—

Oft, in the sil'ly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken—
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken;
Chorus.—Thus, in the sil'ly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together.
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather :
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead—
And all but he departed !
CHORUS.—Thus, in the still night
Ere slumber's chain has bound us,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

On motion

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be

directed to cause to be published in pamphlet form, an abstract of the proceedings of this Association, including the constitution and by-laws, the addresses upon the presentation of the cane, the annual address, the regular toasts and such other matters in connection therewith as they may think proper. That they procure five hundred copies and distribute one copy to each member, and that the remainder be held by the Secretary, subject to the further order of the Association.

On motion, the Association adjourned.

APPENDIX.

The following responses were handed in too late for classification :

8. *Antoine Le Claire*—First in settlement—first in efforts to make our city peerless among rivals—first in the esteem of his fellow citizens—first President of this society ; may "*his shadow never be less.*"

Responded to by E. Cook, Esq., as follows :

It gives me unfeigned pleasure sir, to respond to the sentiments contained in the toast just read by you, and I only regret that the duty had not been assigned to abler hands ; more willing, there is none.

Antoine Le Claire ! First in settlement. Nearly twenty-three years since, while looking up a home for myself and family in the West, chance brought me down your noble river, and I was landed within a few rods of where we now are, and there I found a comfortable log house, the only dwelling near on this side the river. I made my way to the door, it was opened, and there I found Mr. Le Claire and his worthy wife.—How long he had been there prior to that I cannot say, but sure it is that even then he was alone in his glory. I shall never forget, so long as life remains, the hearty welcome I received: the kind and generous manner in which I was taken care of, during the time I remained with them, while preparing a home for myself. For all his goodness and kindness to me and my family, when we were strangers in a strange land, I owe him my heartfelt thanks, and I am proud of the opportunity to be permitted to express them in this public manner.

And I am alone in this ? No, for in looking around me here to-night, I see numbers of the early settlers of this county whom he received and treated in the same manner, whose hearts silently respond to the same sentiment, and who only want an opportunity to give vent to their feelings in audible language.

And is it true that Antoine Le Claire is "first in efforts to make our city peerless among rivals ?" Let the old settlers of this county answer.

Let those who resided here at an early day, and have watched years and years ago, his efforts from day to day and year, reply to question.

Why sir, you know that it was a common remark among us long since, that Le Claire would ruin himself in trying to build up a town here, and you sir, know too, that his large expenditures with that view, so seriously embarrassed him in his pecuniary matters, that his friends felt great anxiety and alarm as to the result. But the tide turned, the scene changed, the dark days passed away, and Le Claire's bread fell "butter side up." And when brighter days appeared did he then relax his efforts ? Did he then supinely sit down and hoard his wealth like the miser ? Did he then cease to aid in every proper and legitimate way those who were seeking to build up the town and its business ?

Let his subscriptions to every public work, intended to advance our interest in the country answer ! Let hundreds of those who have been aided and cheered by him in their business, reply.

Antoine Le Claire, "first in the esteem of his fellow citizens."

For the truth and propriety of this sentiment, I appeal to the hearts and feelings of the old settlers of this county—who among us is more worthy ? Who is there among us to whom the sentiment can be so well applied ?

Whom is there among us whom we more delight to honor ?

I venture to say that from the moment of the first inception of the idea of this Association, up to the time of the election, no individual thought of any other name than that of Le Claire for our first President.

And why is this so? Because it was so eminently fitting and proper, that he who was first in settlement—first in efforts to make our city peerless among rivals—first in the esteem of his fellow citizens, should be the recipient of the honor, and I trust that so long as he shall live, he will continue to be the President of this Association.

I trust and pray sir, that for many, many years, those of us who may be permitted to gather together at the Annual Festivals, may see him in the place he now occupies; that Time may lay his hands gently upon him, that his old age may be peaceful and happy, and that when he shall be "gathered to his fathers," his memory may remain green and fresh among the surviving members of this Association.

10. *The Pioneer Press of Scott County.*

Mr. Andrew Logan, responded as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It is with unmingled pleasure that I respond to the above toast, as it awakens in our mind a mighty tide of thought teeming with vivid reminiscences of bye-gone years. Upon the pinionless wings of thought we are borne back to the lovely morn. of the 7th of July, 1838, when first we set foot upon the western shores of the Father of the Waters, where now stands the matchless city of Davenport.—peerless in beauty and solid worth, above all rivals, and the fair metropolis of our flourishing State. And again, we go back to the 18th day of September, 1838, nearly twenty years ago, when as standard bearer of local and foreign intelligence, we unfurled and placed fresh before our few readers the first number of the Davenport, Iowa, Sun. Aye, here too, comes up the recollection of the many difficulties under which we labored in assuming the responsible charge of editing and publishing a newspaper, with no assistance save that of our two little sons, the eldest of whom was but twelve years old.

At that day our county was rife with contentions for the settlement of the county seat question. Davenport and Rockingham were the chief competitors for the crown. Prominent citizens of both places daily sought to negotiate with us for the aid of our press in their behalf. To Davenport we were finally

sold, affections, press and all, for we loved the spot, and thought we could read upon the broad, unfolded pages of her virgin hills and adjacent fertile prairies, something highly auspicious of a blooming future. But soon the bloodless battle was fought and the victory ours; and the flames of excitement sublimed away into viewless air—promises and integrity too, and we were sold,—literally sold—for an empty promise was our reward!

The Pioneer Association.—The largest and most ancient family in Scott County. May no family jars ever enter their circle.

Mr. R. Christie, responded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—This Association present an anomaly in the history of Scott county. For, sir, no one here to-night will say that he has ever attended a meeting in this county composed of so large a number as the one assembled here, where so many familiar faces were to be seen. Should a stranger be ushered into this presence and commence interrogating you, sir, as to the name of this stripling or of that grey-haired man, you could at once not only give him their names, but you could give him the history of their lives for the last seventeen years, and not only the history of one or two, but you could gratify the gentleman still further. You could give him the history of the whole house, of every one here old or young. In the same way, sir, every member here could give the history of every other member of this Association for nearly twenty years. Sir, I need not say that these histories would tell of brave hearts and strong arms, of dangers and difficulties encountered and overcome by the indomitable perseverance of the Pioneers who chose this fair portion of God's heritage for their future homes, determined here to bide their time, or to lay their bones mayhap upon the prairie.—But sir, these histories are unwritten. May it not be the province of this Association to gather up and place upon the record facts connected with the early settlement of this county that may be sought after by the future historical society of the State of Iowa. Sir, without any stretch of the imagination, we can now behold future Banerofts, and Longfellow's diligently searching the archives of this Association for materials for history and poetry.

6. *The City of Davenport*—The Pet and the Pride of glorious "old Scott;" crown jewel of the Upper Mississippi; the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.

Responded to by Mr. Thorington, as follows:—

I see around me to-night familiar faces. When I arose before you, my mind was involuntarily carried back to former times; when we met frequently and knew no strangers in "old Scott," now nearly twenty years ago. Around me, there are many of the same familiar faces, and the same hearty shake of the hand that met me at the threshold of this mansion, and the warm heart that beat response to friendship's strongest ties then, are here to-night. It seems as a cycle of events were again to be passed through, at your homesteads and on our broad and beautiful prairies. When I sought your suffrage for office, and obtained your confidence, was again to be gone through with; and to-night there is a pleasure in looking around me upon smiling faces and frank countenances; that I won your confidence, and that time nor age has given neither the one or the other cause for regret, the relative position that existed so long between Scott county and James Thorington. My time has been taxed and my business delayed at Washington City, that I might be present among you to-night; I have no regrets upon the subject, nor do I think the one unprofitably spent, nor the injury to the other irreparable. A reunion like this is rarely to be met with, and I, for one, have not the nerve to forego it. It is one of those occasions that occur in the journey of life, that freshens and re-invigorates the man, as oasis in a sterile and barren waste, to the way-worn and tired traveller.

The sentiment I am called upon to respond to, is a pleasant one. It brings up many recollections, and I am somewhat pleased that it has devolved upon me to respond to so acceptable a sentiment.

The City of Davenport.

Why Mr. President, about twenty years ago, if I should have made my appearance before this crowd, and have uttered that remark, "The City of Davenport," what irony would have lit up every countenance, and if I should have

persisted in saying that our little rural village would surely be a city in 20 years, you certainly would have laughed at the idea, if some of you had not have our with it "that Jim's a fool," to be talking about this town's becoming a city. Mr. President, pardon me for relating a circumstance that occurred about that time; many present may probably recollect the circumstance. Do you remember Mr. President, when you procured about as fashionable a piece of cloth as could then be obtained, in all these regions about, (a large Mackinaw blanket,) how particular you were in studying the latest style, how you consulted first this one, and the other one, as to the length of the tail. The village tailor had the monopoly on you; there was but one in the diggins, and, of course, it was to his emporium the job of clothing, fitting and making had to devolve of adjusting that respectable garment on your no small dimensions, even in those early days. Well sir, the coat was cut, fitted and made, and its newness had become familiar to our eyes, and but little was said, or thought about Le Claire's new coat, made from Mackinaw broadcloth, until one fine day, when many of us were assembled together, and you were then, as now, the centre of attraction—when your fashionable tailor, who usually gave entire satisfaction in his professional line, and the builder of your outer garment, made his appearance in our midst with what was called a monkey-jacket, made from cloth so near color and quality of that of which your own coat was made, that it would defy the best of judges to determine the difference.—There was electricity in that crowd; it may have been fashionable at one time, as related by Esop, for foxes to go without tails; but these two coats, one on you with a tail, the other on the tailor without a tail—was too apparent for the most superficial not to see how one garment had been eked out to complete the other. Some parties would have contented themselves with having smiled in their sleeves, and making their comments in the absence of the tailor. It was evident, however, he had fallen into the wrong crowd, and in the smile that lit up your countenance it was certain there was a practical joke ahead. Silence reigned but a few minutes, when you thus accosted him: "I

K," at the same time raising the extremity of your own outer garment, and casting your eyes first at his coat and then at your own, proceeding with a knowing wink to the crowd, "why did you not take more from here, I could spare a little, and yours would look much better." It was too much for any of us to hold on any longer. One roar went up, and it was some time before the reverberation died away. It was too much for the tailor; he raved and swore, and the more he raved and swore, the more he was persecuted—and what was intended as a joke he took serious, and became in his turn insolent, and I might add, the aggressor. Fight he would, and fight he must; the charge of cabbaging could be cleared up in no other way than a resort to the code of honor, which, of course, in those days was a resort to fist-cuffs. It was soon evident that a fight was inevitable, as the tailor seemed to demand no boot or odds for disparagement of size, he in common phrase, "pitched in." As soon as he came within reach of that iron grasp of yours, it was now perfectly plain he had made a sad mistake, and it was a wonder to us what was to become of our village tailor if ever he got three hundred and fifty pounds of avoirdupois over him. They say fortune favors the brave, and in this case it seems the chances of war favored our knight of the lap-board and shears. On that occasion you, had provided the lower extremity of your pantaloons with what was then quite the rage—a strong pair of leather straps. You may well imagine this time what a laugh went up, to see you, in your efforts to put your foot on the poor beseeching prostrate tailor—again and again as you held him down with one hand and attempted to raise your foot so as to place it upon him—and in every effort failing, and the object had in view, becoming at last apparent to yourself, was utterly impossible, and your anger at the same time relaxing, you, like the rest of us, joining hastily in the laugh, remarking that the gallows' at the lower end of your breeches, was the means of saving his life, released him from his perilous situation, and ceased your amussing motions, over our prostrate fellow-citizen on a pledge on his part to behave himself. A reconciliation took place, we adjourned

to the grocery all hands, took a horn of sod-corn-juice and parted as usual, good friends. Let me, return the sentiment. We are a city! Davenport today numbers her thousands, where then she numbered her dozens; to-day where stand these proud walls, costing their tens of thousands of dollars to erect, then stood the humble cabin of our President, the abode of hospitality and good cheer amidst the cornhills, unleveled, where Black Hawk and his tribe but a season before had cultivated in their rude way.

Yes, we are a city. "The city of Davenport. The pet and pride of old Scott."

To deserve the just praise of a community, or a confiding people, is to earn it by merit and just dealing. Many men are said to be honorable members of their profession or their trade; while of others it may be said their profession or their trade, is an honor to them.

This distinction, I believe, is applicable to Davenport. I see many in this assemblage who are the bone and sinew of old Scott, sturdy, honorable farmers. Citizens of old Scott, does not Davenport deserve the appellation? You built her; you caused her fair name to be spoken in praise by her citizens at home and the stranger abroad; and to-day, Davenport has no cause to shrink from a comparison with her sister cities, whether morally, socially or financially.

"The crown jewel of the upper Mississippi."

History informs us, that the Kooh-i-Noor diamond, which safely reposes among the crown jewels of Russia, weighs 193 carats, and is valued at \$1,793,530. The Kooh-i-Noor diamond, 283 carats, and is said to have weighed when rough 793 carats, consequently, we may approximate its value in its present condition at \$2,682,485.—A prince of India named Rejeeb Singh has the Kooh-i-Noor at Lahore. It is related, a Bengalee Shroff, or banker named Seelchurd, resident at Loodianah, having occasion to visit Lahore, on the Rajah's business, asked his Highness for permission to see the jewel, which, upon being granted, Seelchurd fell on his face and worshipped the stone." How fitly spoken then as the crown jewel of priceless value, as the admired of all the world,

and to be worshipped by the rich for its great value, so will Davenport as a crown jewel, be visited and worshipped for her intrinsic value—her morality, intelligence, her seats of learning, the arts and the sciences.

"The Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley."

1818081

This is a pleasant portion of my theme to dwell upon. We are told by the best authorities, that "the Rose has always been the favorite flower among civilized nations." The beauty of its foliage, the elegance of its form, the large size and agreeable tints of the flower, together with its delicious fragrance, have all conspired to acquire for it the distinction of the queen of flowers." That we are a favorite place is undeniable; the beauty that surrounds us, the elegance of our city, the large size and agreeable arrangements of our public and private edifices, together with the grace and beauty that inhabits them, all conspire to acquire for us, the distinction of the queen of cities.

"Sub. Rosa (under the rose) in secret, privately, in a manner that forbids disclosure: the rose being among the ancients the symbol of secrecy, and hung up at an entertainment, as a token that nothing there said should be divulged." The propriety of modest worth is here fitly referred—the tattling messenger is justly shunned and dreaded. Your greatness, wealth and good name will surely find its way into the world, and be properly appreciated without being trumpeted about, by one's own lips—as the rose has nothing to blush for, but worth, so let Davenport imitate her floral symbol.

The lovely plains of Sharon are frequently spoken of in the good book—a country in Palestine along the coast of the Mediterranean—as being exceedingly beautiful and fertile, stretching along south of Mount Carmel, from Caesarea to Joppa. Its fertility and beauty are often alluded to by the sacred writers.

An American traveler in that region in 1834, who passed over the plain remarks: "The whole Valley of Sharon from the mountains of Jerusalem to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the hills of Gaza, is spread before you like a painted map, and is extremely beautiful, especially at evening, when the last ray of the setting sun gilds the distant mountain tops, the weary husbandman returns from his labor, and the bleeding flocks come frisking and joyful to their fold. At such a time I saw it, and lingered long in passive meditation, until the stars looked out from the sky, and the cool breezes of evening began to shed soft dews on the feverish lands. What a paradise was here when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem and sang of the roses of Sharon." What a picture is here given you of Davenport, twenty years ago. How fresh it must be in the minds of those who were here some fifteen or twenty years ago, of the loveliness that nature spread out before the eyes of the beholder in this valley!—The wild roses growing spontaneously where our business streets lie; and the lily of the valley springing up in the lower part of our city.

The lily, that has always held a prominent place in emblematic language. In the middle ages and in modern times, the white lily has always been the emblem of chastity. Hence the Virgin Mary is often represented with a lily in her hand, or by her side.

In this beautiful vale of Sharon, many years ago, (and I hope the partner of my pleasures and of my sorrows now present, will pardon the allusion.) I sought out a lily in this beautiful vale, and placed her at my side; that choice I have never had cause to regret, and to the younger members of this Pioneer's Settler's Association, who have thus far failed or neglected to choose a lily to place at their sides, from the fair ones that yet bloom in our midst, the only wish I can add for their happiness, is may they fare as well as I have in my selection, and they be speedily about it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BELLAIRE, O., Feb. 8, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I feel much complimented by your remembrance of me, and the invitation to the Festival of the "Pioneer Settlers' Association," on the 22d inst. I regret very much that I cannot be with you on the occasion—the first re-union of those, still living, who were associated in the founding of society in your county, will be an event of unusual interest. The recollections awakened by it will have some things to sadden, but more to excite gratulation. Twenty years make but a short period in the history of communities; but it is a long one in individual experience, more especially when the succession of events is a truer gauge of time than the change of seasons. More than twenty years have gone by since the most of those who can be denominated the Pioneers of Scott county, settled in what was then Wisconsin Territory. Since that time what changes have come to all—what trials to many. Some have passed away; but most of those remaining are able to claim that the occurrences which have built up the prosperity of your State have dealt kindly with their individual fortunes, and repaid them for all the hardships and sacrifices they endured in the first ten years of their pioneer experience. These are the considerations which, with greater or less intensity, according to the respective fortunes that have attended the members of your association, will more obviously link them-selves with the reminiscences of the Festival. But there is a moral point of view in which the retrospection will have less of individuality, and, therefore, a higher and more refined sense of gratulation. In the migration to that country, each of us had our individual purposes to accomplish—some possibly sordid and narrow—others, doubtless, broad and elevated, with visions of enlarged usefulness and a great future for the country they had adopted. But whatever may have been our motives or dreams, the seven years of hard times which succeeded 1837, (operating with peculiar severity upon a country so isolated from market as Iowa then was,) brought everything to the grinding standard of a struggle for bare subsistence. But through all this struggle and gloom a great purpose was being accomplished;—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The very difficulties of the country were preparing it for a brighter day. Every

plough furrow—every axe-stroke were unwitting but sure agencies in the development of the country, and in advancing it towards that day of awakening—that complete and active civilization of which the Locomotive is the true representative.—Twenty years elapsed, and the struggling pioneers of Iowa found themselves the fathers of a great and prosperous State.

In the spring of 1835 I settled upon the Illinois shore, where Stephenson (now Rock Island) was afterwards located. In 1836 I removed to the west side of the Mississippi, into what was then Michigan Territory, afterwards Wisconsin, and now Iowa. In 1849 I joined you in the organization of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad Company. These epochs tell the history of my pioneer-ship. In them I cannot boast that I accomplished much for myself; but I thank God that I have done something—or at least I hope so—for my fellow-men.

You have placed two periods, conspicuously different in themselves, in juxtaposition upon your card—1840 and 1858.—Iowa as it was, and Iowa as it is. What a contrast the two pictures present! The rapid colonization of Ohio and Kentucky were marvels in their day, but they are marvels no longer. Wisconsin may claim a parallel with Iowa; and Minnesota may boast a leap into Statehood of still greater apparent vigor; but not, when it is considered that, for the want of railroad connection with the seaboard, the first ten years of Iowa were practically lost to her.

Allow me, in conclusion, to hope that there will be many and pleasant re-unions of the "Pioneer Settlers' Association."

Very truly yours, etc.,

J. H. SULLIVAN.

FRUIT HILL CLASSICAL INSTITUTE, MASS., }
February 9th, 1858. }

GENTLEMEN:—Your note and invitation were transmitted to me by my father. I thank you very much for your kind invitation and welcome. It is with much regret that I am obliged to inform you, that impossibilities which cannot be surmounted, will prevent my joining you in the approaching festival. But although I cannot be present in person, still my best wishes are with you. I rejoice that I am a Hawkeye, and I feel proud of the state of my nativity—may she continue to advance as rapidly as she has for the past twenty years,

till she shall become the leading State in the Union. The "Pioneer children"—may they always remain true to their native State, and never disgrace the land of their birth.

WM. B. GROVER.

FOXBORO, Feb. 15th, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret very much that circumstances are such that I cannot comply with your kind invitation to attend the first festival of the Pioneer Settlers' Association, of Scott Co., Iowa; yet while absent in body, let me assure you I shall be with you in spirit. It is a long time since I lived among you, and then but eighteen months, yet I have always felt an interest in your prosperity, and have kept myself "posted up," by taking one of your good papers. My heart has often yearned for some of your "good things," and yet I have never felt that strong desire to be one day with you as I now do.

May the same God that has been with and highly blessed you, lead you safely through this world up to our home in the skies.

Yours truly,
E. GROVER.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Feb. 15, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I received a letter a few days since from Mr. W. Barrows, in which was enclosed a card of invitation to a grand festival of the "old folks at home." Nothing could afford me more pleasure, than for myself and family to be with you on the occasion mentioned—to meet with friends of former years, especially the hardy pioneers whose energy, toil and efforts have caused such wonderful developments in all that contributes to the happiness of man, would be a source of enjoyment, which would produce feelings in my heart of the most delightful character; but circumstances beyond my control will prevent my being present—and with many thanks to the committee for their invitation, I close with the following sentiment:—"The pioneers of the West"—they were men of strong nerve and warm hearts, by their sacrifice, toil and efforts they have caused the solitary places to be glad, and the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose—may their memory be sacred.

H. W. HIGGINS.

DUBUQUE, Feb. 1, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received an invitation from the Pioneer Settlers' Association, of Davenport, to be present at their approaching Festival, on the 22nd of Feb., and to respond to a toast in reference to the "Pioneer Dead." I regret that it will not be in my power to comply with the request, as my duties here will not allow me to be absent from home at that time. It

would give me great pleasure to meet those who will assemble on that occasion and to renew old acquaintanceship formed many years ago, while at the same time I should experience some pain from reminiscences of trials endured in former days, and from the absence of many former friends departed. It was at Davenport that I first trod the soil of my adopted State, about nineteen years ago. Your large and flourishing city was then but a hamlet, and no one could have rationally predicted its present prosperity from what was then visible. It is one of the most pleasant facts in my history, that I was enabled with a few others, to found the Congregational Church, now so large and influential for good in your city. It is my sincere desire that the past success of the secular and religious enterprise of your citizens may be only a slight earnest of what is yet in store for them. With many thanks for the distinguished honor conferred upon me in assigning me a part in your anticipated exercises on the occasion referred to, I am

Very respectfully yours,
JNO. C. HOLEROOK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—Permit me to tender my grateful acknowledgment to the members of your association, for their kind remembrance of the "Absent Pioneers of Iowa."

I regret exceedingly that business will not permit my joining you on the interesting occasion of your first celebration, as it would give me intense pleasure to renew so many delightful reminiscences of the past, with those whom I have ever considered the advance-guard of your flourishing State, in her progress to her present greatness.

Although I cannot be with you in person, I shall be particularly interested in the event.

May Heaven crown your feast with gladness, and grant you a long lease of years, in which to enjoy the fruits of your early labors.

Very truly yours,
E. H. SHEPARD.

LE CLAIRE, Feb. 20, 1858.

HON. JAMES GRANT:—Dear Sir: I am fearful that I shall not be able to attend the festival of the old pioneers of Scott county on the 22d inst. in your city. I have a severe cold, and am quite unwell to-day—trust, however, I shall be better on Monday. If so, I shall certainly be down. After witnessing the struggles of the "Old Settlers" for near 21 years, I feel like rejoicing when they rejoice, *feasting when they feast*, and mourning when they mourn.

In the event that I am too indisposed to come down, and there should be no person from here to respond to the 12th regular

toast please do so yourself. I know I am safe in saying that our people would feel safe with their interests confided to your hands.

I think a good many of our old citizens will be down, but very few of them are public speakers.

I send you a volunteer toast, to be read if I cannot come. Truly yours,

LAUREL SUMMERS.

DANVILLE, Pa, Feb. 15, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my thanks for the card of invitation to the "First Festival of the Pioneer Association," and also for your kind note accompanying it.

There are no memories more cherished and fresh in my heart than those of my residence among you, from 1837 to 1841; and it would afford me great pleasure to meet with my old friends on the occasion of the Festival, but I cannot. My heart will be there, however, beating in unison with your highest aspirations for the future prosperity of your beautiful city and county, and the long life and happiness of all the pioneers.

There is not in this great country a spot more sacred to my memory than Davenport.

The beauty of its situation; its salubrity; the old associates, and familiar faces of friends are always present to my thoughts, and I never fail to speak a word for them to friends here when the West is the subject of discourse. Living, as I do, on the banks of the Susquehanna, whose waters are like crystal, and surrounded by landscapes, the grandeur and beauty of which are perhaps unsurpassed, they seem to me not comparable to the scene from the bluffs below Davenport, looking south and east, and bringing into our view the Twin Cities, the upper rapids of the great Mississippi, embracing the beautiful Rock Island, etc.

It is a cherished purpose of my heart to visit my once home at Davenport at as early a day as possible, when I hope to renew many of my old friendships.

I have also, in the name of my wife, and daughter born in Davenport, to thank you for the invitation, and assure you that it would afford them very great happiness to visit their old home and join the festival.

May the sun of prosperity ever shine on all of you until "gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe." With sincere regard,

ANDREW L. RUSSELL.

AUG 25 1897

NEWS AT DAVENPORT

PIONEER SETTLERS OF SCOTT
COUNTY HOLD THEIR AN-
NUAL REUNION.

ATTENDED BY MANY MEMBERS.

C. W. Pinneo Chosen as President
and Other Officers Named—
James Dyer Given Chair.

Davenport, Aug. 23.—The name of C. W. Pinneo is to be the 55th to be inscribed upon the silver mounted cane as president of the Scott County Pioneers' association. Mr. Pinneo having been elected to that post of honor at the picnic held at the Outing club grounds yesterday.

The picnic yesterday was the 55th annual event of this association, but Mr. Pinneo is the 55th president. Anton LeClaire, the first president of the association served two years in that office, thus making the president elected yesterday the 55th. It has been the custom since the second year of the organization to elect a new president each year, thus passing the honor among the members. The cane upon which the names are inscribed is passed to the succeeding president for keeping until a new officer is chosen. W. B. Stephens is the retiring president.

The other officers elected yesterday were Phineas Curtis, vice president; Henry Karwath, secretary, and J. F. Kelly treasurer. Mr. Karwath and Mr. Kelly have held their offices for several years past.

The chair to be presented to the oldest constitutional member present at the picnic, was given to James Dyer, of Pleasant Valley. Mr. Dyer is 81 years old and came to Scott county in 1836. Mr. Dyer was presented the chair by J. H. Wilson, while Mrs. J. B. Scott and Mrs. McFate escorted him to it. Mrs. Mary Sommers, who received the chair given last year, was reported to be in good health at this time although she was not able to be present at the picnic yesterday.

The following are the old settlers who have died during the past year: L. W. Clark, J. H. Sialter, Mrs. M. G. Blakemore, William Armil, Mrs. B. M. Eldridge, Mrs. John Littig, Mrs. Dan Moore, Thomas Greve, Mrs. H. C. Chapman, C. Nichols, Mrs. Louise Van Dusen, George Jacobs, Dixon, Ill.

WILLIAM PARMELE

PIONEER PRESIDENT

Annual Reunion of Scott County Old Settlers at Outing Club.

At the annual reunion of the Scott County Pioneer Settlers' association held today at the Outing club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—William Parmele, Davenport township.

Vice presidents:

County and City—Phineas Curtis.

Davenport Township—Peter Littig.

Pleasant Valley Township—Mrs. Cornelia Welch.

Winfield Township—J. T. Noel.

Princeton Township—Charles Rich.

LeClaire Township—J. D. Barnes.

Lincoln Township—J. H. Wilson.

Rockingham Township—C. H. S. Coleman.

Blue Grass Township—Robert Cooper.

Allen's Grove Township—Mary A. Gilmore.

Secretary—Henry Karwath, Davenport.

Treasurer—John F. Kelly, Davenport.

Executive Committee—J. H. Wilson, Hugh Briceland, Mrs. Cornelia Welch, B. M. Eldridge, Phineas Curtis and J. D. Barnes.

Both Mr. Karwath and Mr. Kelly were re-elected to their offices.

The speakers of the day were J. A. Hanley and George E. Hubbell. Mr. Hanley entertained the old settlers for some time in an interesting manner, referring at the same time to the work which the pioneers had done for the county and the state.

The constantly decreasing numbers in the ranks of the pioneers was again plainly noticeable, as death is taking many of the old settlers away one by one. The attendance at today's reunion was small compared with the number present in past years.

Gets Rocker.

Peter M. Smith of Le Claire was the oldest pioneer present and was presented with a handsome rocking chair by the association. The presentation was made by J. H. Wilson, Hugh Briceland and Mrs. Welch.

A splendid dinner was enjoyed on the veranda of the Outing club inn at 12 o'clock, breaking into the business session. The unfinished business was taken up again in the afternoon, when the election of officers was held.

The meeting was called to order by the old president, C. W. Pinneo of Princeton. As Rev. J. T. Houser who

was to offer the prayer, was present, the pioneers repeated the Lord's Prayer, led by Mr. Pinneo.

Mrs. Alfred Mueller and Mrs. Hibla Matthey sang a duet.

The secretary, Henry Karwath, then read the report of the last festival, and J. F. Kelly, the treasurer, read his report, which showed that a balance of \$2.18 remained in the treasury.

In Memoriam.

The record of the pioneers who passed away during the last year, was then read. The list is as follows:

General Add H. Sanders, Davenport.

Sylvester Mounts, Buffalo.

James Dyer, Pleasant Valley.

Mrs. Sarah J. Wood, LeClaire.

Mrs. Charles Carter, Davenport.

Mrs. J. C. Duncan, Davenport.

Mrs. August Reading, Davenport.

Benjamin Anderson, Davenport.

Mrs. Betsey Stacey, LeClaire.

Mrs. Baldwin, Davenport.

PIONEERS BUILD THEIR LOG CABIN

OLD TIMERS WORK ON STRUCTURE IN FEJERVARY PARK

Will Make It as Near Like Settlers' Home of Early Day as Possible

Work has been started by five of the pioneers of Scott county on the erection of a log cabin in Fejervary park, Davenport, as provided for by the Old Settlers' association at its recent annual meeting in Davenport. The pioneers engaged in the work are W. B. Stephens, C. B. Snyder, Gideon Nichols and J. W. Wilson of Davenport and C. W. Pinneo of Princeton. James K. Pope, former mayor of Princeton, is also helping, but has not been here long enough to be classed as a pioneer.

The cabin is located near the entrance to the park. It is 12 by 16 feet in size, and will be as near like the cabins of the early days in this part of Iowa as it is possible to make it. When completed there will be 65 logs in the structure. The logs were secured from a farm near Pleasant Valley. The floor and roof will be of rough plank. There will be one window of glass, which was considered a luxury when the country was new. The door will have a wooden latch and the familiar latch string.

A fireplace will be built in one end, and the lower part of the chimney will be of stone, while the upper part will be of sticks, cemented together with mud. Holes between the logs will be closed with pieces of wood

held in place by mud. Inside the cabin it is planned to place some of the old time furniture and household utensils which have been saved by members of the pioneer families of the county.

The work is fatiguing to the pioneers, but they are taking it slowly, and decided to lay off today for a rest.

The lives of the men engaged in building the cabin reach back to an early day in Iowa's history. Mr. Pinneo, a former president of the pioneers, was born in a log cabin in Princeton township 76 years ago. His father and his father's brother were the first to settle in Princeton township, coming from the east in 1834. The Indians were numerous in this part of Iowa and Illinois, and it was necessary at various times for the settlers to take up arms and drive them back. Mr. Pinneo's father and brother were a part of a volunteer army organized at Rock Island, in which Abraham Lincoln was an officer, which finally broke the power of the Indians. The red skins were chased through Illinois to East Dubuque, where hundreds were killed as they tried to swim the river. Mr. Pinneo remembers hearing of his father tell of the signing of the treaty of peace by Chiefs Keokuk and Blackhawk and the general in command of the government troops. The treaty was signed at a camp in what is now known as East Davenport, and Mr. Pinneo's father was among those present.

Under the terms of the treaty, the Indians were allowed to come back in the spring and fall to hunt along the Wapsie and Maquoketa rivers and through the bottoms. For years they left huts standing on what is now the site of the town of Princeton, occupying them only during the hunting season.

Fifty Pioneer Settlers Attend Best Reunion in Years.

Fifty pioneer settlers of Scott county held their sixty-second annual reunion at the Outing club, Wednesday afternoon. Despite the threatening weather of the morning the number of pioneers and friends who turned out for the annual festival was unusually large.

In the absence of the president the meeting was called to order by the secretary, Henry Karwath. Afterwards the meeting was presided over by First Vice President Lawrence Doyle.

Rev. M. A. Gatzendanner of Princeton, led the opening prayer, which was followed with a vocal

WEDNESDAY DE NEXT HEAD OF OLD SETTLERS

Newly Elected Vice President Injects Woman's Rights Into Program.

The question of woman's rights was introduced at the annual picnic of the Old Settlers' association of Scott county, held at the Northwest Davenport Turner garden today, by Otto Steckel, the newly elected vice president of the organization. Mr. Steckel made the motion that the women be allowed to hold office and suggested that a woman be elected to the position of president next year. The motion was passed unanimously.

Mr. Steckel then proceeded to stretch himself more solidly in the good opinion of the women members of the association by eating them all to soda pop.

Hebbeln New President.

Rudolph Hebbeln was elected president of the association for the coming year at the business meeting held this morning.

Otto Steckel was chosen vice president and John Berwald was re-elected to the position of secretary and treasurer in spite of his protests against holding that office again. Charles Krome will be the director for the year.

Mr. Berwald today enters upon his 16th year as secretary and treasurer of the association and at today's meeting it was voted to pay him a salary of \$100 a year as recompense for his service. Mr. Berwald has always taken up all the work incident to his position without pay.

200 at Gathering.

There were about 200 at the picnic and after the business meeting the morning was concluded with a delicious dinner was served in the Turner hall. This afternoon the old-fashioned dances and vaudeville entertainment features for the day.

Mrs. Margaretha Jappe, aged 75, made the distinction of being the first woman member present at the picnic. Henry F. Schroeder was the only man at the picnic. The J

ter is 93 years of age and hale and hearty. He declared this morning that he enjoyed the picnic so much that he expected to come again next year. Carl and William Seke, both 51 years of age, were the youngest members in attendance today.

28 New Members.

The membership of the association was swelled by the addition of 28 new names today. This makes a total membership of 454, thirty members having passed away during the year just ended.

The new members include the following: Louis Beck, Mrs. A. Bahns, Henry Dehnig, Mrs. Amanda Frank, Charles R. Frank, Hanna Hamann, Mrs. Bertha Hoerner, Mrs. Kathrina Hamann, Johanna Holm, Rudolph Hebbeln, Mrs. Margaretha Jappe, Mr. W. F. Kautz, Mrs. Adeline Moeller, Miss Anna Miller, Miss Anna Nielsen, Mrs. Annie Pitzke, H. J. Paarmann, John Renfeldt, Carlina Schramm, Mrs. Marie Schlueter, Mrs. Meta Thode, Carl Thode, Mrs. Emelie Thode and Mr. and Mrs. William Westphal.

During the day pictures were sold, the proceeds to be devoted to the fund for the children of Schleswig-Holstein, of which committee Mrs. Henry Matthey is chairman.

Thirteen members of the Old Settlers' association have died during the past year. They are Emma Moeller, Minnie Arp, H. F. Muhl, Christ Schneekloth, Heinrich Pahl, John Juhler, William Cabel, Catharine Kardell, George Rosenkamp, Heinrich Stoltenberg, Charles Keppe, Magdalena Schluter and Margaretha Dehnig.

WESLEY STEPHENS IS ELECTED PRESIDENT

Former Congressman A. F. Dawson
Delivers an Address—Old Days
Are Recalled and Acquaintance Renewed

A little handful of survivors of the sturdy pioneers who founded Scott county gathered at the Davenport Outing club this morning for their fifty-fifth annual festival. The numbers in attendance are decreasing each year and as the roll was called and the reports heard many who have been active in the affairs of the association for many years were found to be missing. Some are dead and others are too infirm to attend the meetings.

solo by Mrs. Edna Schad Duppert. The usual business proceedings were next carried out, among which was the reading of the record of the number of pioneers who have passed from this world since the last festival. They are as follows: Anthony LeClaire, Milton Rauser, Phineas Curtis, B. S. Baldwin, T. J. Cooper, Mrs. Mary Mazett and Mrs. C. B. Snyder.

An oration by the Hon. Jerry Green followed, which was very much appreciated by the audience. A number of violin solos by Herbert Silberstein, accompanied by Mrs. Martin Silberstein, brought forth the hearty applause of the many present.

After a course dinner served in the club house the election of officers followed, which resulted in the choosing of the following officers:

President—Lawrence Doyle.

Secretary—Henry Karwath.

Treasurer—J. F. Kelly.

First Vice Presidents—John Bargonier, of Princeton, and Hugh Briceland, of Daynport.

Vice Presidents for Townships:

Pleasant Valley—Charles Rich.

LeClaire—J. D. Barnes.

Rockingham—C. S. S. Coleman.

Blue Grass—Robert Cooper.

Allens' Grove—Mrs. Mary M. Gilmore.

Executive Committee—J. H. Wilson, C. W. Pinneo, C. B. Snyder, Hugh Briceland, G. M. Nichols, John Bargonier.

Reception Committee—Mrs. Henry Karwath, Mrs. John Bargonier, Mrs. J. B. Scott, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Mrs. J. F. Kelly, Mrs. Mary Anderson, Mrs. J. H. Rosthstein, Mrs. William Armil and Mrs. Mary A. Gilmore.

Pioneers Get \$100 Donation.

A donation of \$100 was made to the Pioneer Settlers by one of the oldest lady settlers present. Upon request the name of the donor is omitted. A violin solo by Blanche Fry-Rochau, followed by a piano solo by Miss Frances Armil were the next events of the program. Miss Mina Collins gave a recital which was well received by her audience.

Mrs. Jennie Gabbert Gets Chair.

The handsome chair rocker which was to be given to the oldest settler present fell to Mrs. Jennie Gabbert, 85, the widow of Captain W. H. Gabbert, the old river captain.

A vote of thanks was given to the press and to all those who had made the festival a success. According to all present it was the most pleasant gathering which the association has had in years.

DIXON TOWN WILL MEET PIONEERS FOR NEXT YEAR

Rudolph Snyder Honored at Annual Meet of County Veterans.

Rudolph Snyder of Dixon was elected president of the Scott County Pioneer Settlers' association at the 6th annual festival of the organization at the Outing club today. Mr. Snyder is one of the best known men in the organization and has been a hard worker in the interests of the pioneer settlers.

Other officers selected at today's meeting follows:

Vice president—Bruse T. Seaman.

Treasurer—John F. Kelly.

Secretary—Henry Karwath.

Mr. Karwath was unable to attend the festival on account of illness. However he was honored by being re-elected secretary of the organization.

About 75 pioneers attended today's meeting while close to 100 were at the table this noon when the big dinner was served.

The program was started immediately following the dinner. The president called the meeting to order and Dr. Cole offered the prayer. Vocal and instrumental numbers were among the features of the program.

Attorney James A. Hanley delivered the address of the day.

The following were placed on committees:

Executive committee—J. H. Wilson, Hugh Briceland, C. W. Pinneo, G. M. Nichols, Lorraine Doyle, C. B. Snyder.

Reception committee—Mrs. Henry Karwath, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Mrs. G. M. Nichols, Mrs. James McFate, Mrs. J. P. Kelly, Mrs. William Armil, Mrs. J. B. Scott, Mrs. Miles Collins, Mrs. S. M. Rosline.

Wesley Stephens, 1918 LeClaire street, was elected president for the ensuing year. Mr Stephens came to Scott county in 1844 and is 74 years old.

The vice presidents for the various townships will remain the same with the exception of the following where vacancies had occurred:

Princeton—Chas. Nich.

Blue Grass—Mr Cooper.

Pleasant Valley—James Dyer.

J. F. Kelly was elected treasurer and Henry Karwath will continue to act as secretary, a position which he has held for years.

President C. B. Snyder called the meeting to order and Rev. S. M. Perkins, pastor of the First Christian church delivered the prayer. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the report of the treasurer was read and Miss Evelyn Cawley sang a solo, which was warmly received.

The Pioneer Dead

The record of the pioneer dead for the past year was read, and showed that ten people have passed away during the past year who were in Scott county in 1846 or before that date. They were:

Mrs Ruth Fort.

Mrs Susannah Noel.

W. W. Baxter.

Jesse Armil.

J. P. Van Patten.

L. W. Clemons.

Mrs Jennie Thomsen.

David Harday.

Josiah Feizley.

Mrs Sabina Dawley.

A. F. Dawson Speaks

Hon. Albert F. Dawson, formerly congressman from the district, was the speaker of the day. He congratulated the pioneers on coming down through the long years to hear their message of sturdy manhood and womanhood to the present generation.

"As the strength and solidity of a building," said Mr Dawson, "depends upon its foundation, so does the greatness and power of a country depend in large measure upon the character of its pioneers, who lay the ground work upon which succeeding generations are to build. As a nation, we owe much to the sturdiness, courage and high ideals of the colonists. As a state, Iowa is indebted in like manner to her pioneers, who displayed the same qualities.

"We all love Iowa. It is dear to those of us who were born here, and it must be dearer still to those who came here of their own choice. We love its history, its institutions, its customs, its hills, valleys and rolling prairies; we admire the generosity, the hospitality, the geniality of our western civilization, with its freedom from cant and hypocrisy, and the absence of those social palisades which divide

the people of the old world into distinct classes. And yet we do not allow our minds to dwell upon these things sufficiently to fill our hearts with that pride in our state which it richly deserves.

"What the people of Iowa need to stimulate this spirit of state pride is to plant deep in our hearts the belief that, whether in matters of religion or patriotic, moral, educational or commercial, Iowa affords the best opportunity for the deepening of this spirit and for the increase of the homogeneity of our people, and will give a tremendous impetus in working out the social unity which is certainly ours."

Those Present

Present at the meeting were the pioneers and their wives or husbands. The wives and husbands of pioneers are eligible to membership in the society. The membership includes those who have lived in the county since 1846, when Iowa became a state.

Those registered this morning were:

C. W. Pinneo, Princeton, 1846-77.

Mrs M. Welch, R. R. No. 3, 1846-77.

Mrs Mary Summers, LeClaire, 1846-89.

Mrs L. E. Curtis, LeClaire, 1846-85.

P. Curtis, 1202 Arlington Ave., 1846-82.

Mrs B. F. Baughman, 2501 Eighth and

One-half avenue, Rock Island, 1846-77.

S. A. Rothstein, Buena Vista, 1846-77.

B. H. Eldridge, 424 W. 5th, 1846-77.

Mrs B. H. Eldridge, 424 W. 5th, 1846-61.

Wm. Parmele, 2319 Grand avenue, 1838-77.

J. H. Wilson, LeClaire, 1842-78.

Mrs J. H. Wilson, LeClaire, 1847-77.

W. B. Stephens, 1918 LeClaire street, 1844-74.

Mrs F. N. Stephens, 1918 LeClaire street, 1862-75.

Mrs Mary Mauget, 1026 Harrison street, 1846-65.

August Reading, 921 East Locust street, 1840-60.

Mrs August Reading, 921 East Locust street, 1850-64.

Mrs Jessie Dodds, 1622 Brady street, 1844-67.

Mrs H. A. McKeehan, LeClaire, 1844-67.

Mrs J. S. McConnell, Princeton, 1844-77.

Mrs Mary A. Cooper, Princeton, 1836-77.

John F. Kelly, 640 Tremont avenue, 1846-65.

Mrs C. B. Snyder, 330 E. Sixth, 1843-68.

C. B. Snyder, 330 East Sixth street, 1842-68.

Mrs Julia Karwath, 1908 Main street, 1845-68.

Mrs M. C. Hawes, 2720 Grand Ave, 1841-70.

Mrs Mary A. Gillmore, Dixon, 1846-72.

G. M. Nichols, 719 E. 10th St., 1846-81.

Lawrence Doyle, 219 W. High St., 1844-76.

F. A. Miller, 1002 W. 5th St., 1843-63.

Mrs. Mary Anderson, 611 Colorado street, 1842-70.

Mrs. J. C. Scott, Princeton, Ia., 1844-72.

J. B. Scott, Princeton, 1844-78.

Wm. J. Nichols, R. R. No. 2, 1838-75.

Hugh Briceland, 1923 Harrison street, 1846-77.

James M. White, L. Claire, 1842-74.

James W. Sauer, 206 West Second street, 1842-69.

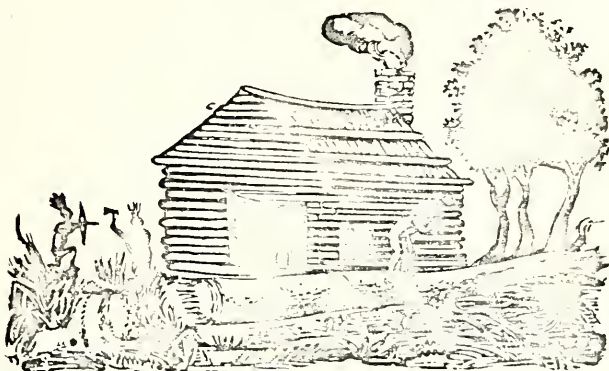
P. S. Baldwin, 427 Bridge avenue, 1850-75.

Mrs. Mary A. Baldwin, 427 Bridge avenue, 1844-66.

Wm. Armil, 507 West Locust street, 1837-77.

Mrs. Wm. Armil, 507 West Locust street, 1867-70.

PIONEER SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION



¶ THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL WILL BE HELD AT HIBERNIAN HALL—ON BRADY, BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH STREETS—THURSDAY, AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED THREE, AT TEN O'CLOCK, A.M., SHARP.
¶ THE ANNUAL FEE IS FIFTY CENTS.

¶ All Old Settlers'—those who settled in Scott County on or before December Thirty-first, Eighteen Hundred Forty-Six—whether constitutional members or not, are requested to be at Hibernian Hall promptly at Ten o'clock, a.m.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. The President calls to order. | Valedictory of the President. |
| 2. Reading Proceedings of the last festival. | Inaugural of the President Elect |
| 3. Report of Treasurer. | General Business. |
| 4. Record of the Pioneer Dead. | Song—"Auld Lang Syne." |
| 5. Election of Officers for ensuing year. | Dinner and Voluntary Speeches. |

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. H. WILSON	G. J. HYDE
ANDREW JACK	W. L. CLARK
W. M. SUITER	L. W. CLEMONS
J. H. DAVENPORT	JAMES DYER

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

MRS. JULIA A. KARWATH	MRS. JOHN LITTIG	MRS. M. L. MATTHEWS
MRS. G. J. HYDE	MRS. ALICE SUITER	MRS. JUDGE GRANT
MRS. HUGH BRICELAN	MRS. J. H. WILSON	MRS. MARY A. GILMORE

MRS. EVA FINTEL, *Secretary*

HENRY KARWATH, *President*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, etc.

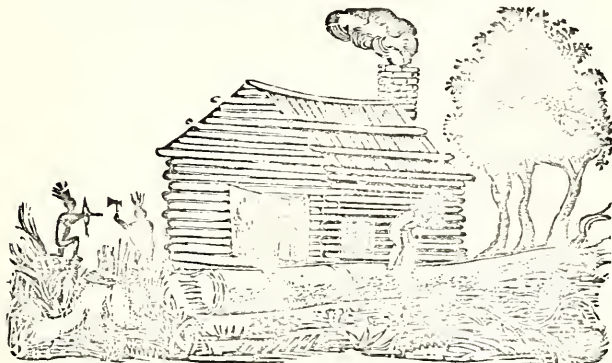
And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, etc.

SCOTT COUNTY PIONEER SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL.



AT THE FAIR AND EXPOSITION
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1893,
AT THE GRAND TENT ON THE GROUNDS

All old settlers are expected to be at their tent at 10 o'clock A. M.

This will be Old Settlers day at the Fair, and members of the Association will be admitted free to all the Fair for the day, with their wives and younger children, provided the parents displays the badge of the Society.

At 11 o'clock the President will call the meeting to order.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Minutes of last Festival read. | 6. Inaugural of President. |
| 2. Music by the Band. | 7. Dinner. |
| 3. Record of the Pioneer Dead. | 8. General Business. |
| 4. Election of Officers. | 9. Song—Auld Lang Syne. |
| 5. Valedictory of the President. | |

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. M. ELDRIDGE.	JAMES E. BURNSIDES.	ANDREW JACK.
L. W. CLEMENS.	JAMES M. DAVENPORT.	W. M. SUTER.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

MRS. HENRY KARWATH.	MRS. JAMES E. BURNSIDES.	MRS. JUDGE GRANT.
MRS. JOHN LITTIG.	MRS. HORACE BRADLEY.	MISS E. MEAD.
	MRS. ALFRED SANDERS.	

The Badge only will admit members free, for sale at the gate, 25 cents each.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEE. 50 CENTS, PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER.

Entrance at the north gate.

D. P. McKOWN, *Secretary.*

JOHN LITTIG, *President.*

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AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS --For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne?
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We two have run about the braes
And pulled the goaws fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.

CHORUS--For auld lang syne, etc.

We two have paddled in the burn
From morning until sun dine;
But seas between us broad have roar'd
Since the days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS---For auld lang syne, etc.

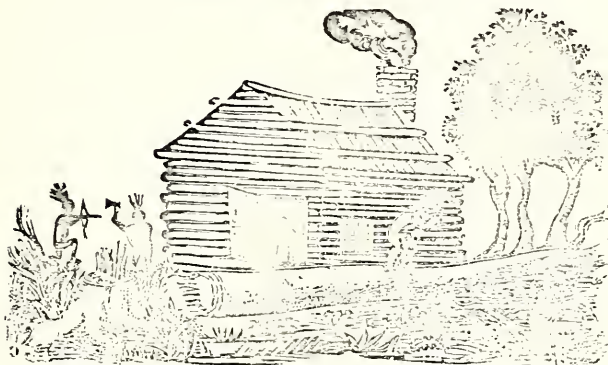
And here's my hand, my trusty friend,
Come, give a hand o' thine,
And we'll take a cup of friendship's growth
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS---For auld lang syne, etc.

And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS---For auld lang syne, etc.

SCOTT COUNTY, IOWA,
PIONEER SETTLER'S
ASSOCIATION,
 THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL.



THE ASSOCIATION WILL HOLD ITS THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL
 FESTIVAL AT THE
FAIR AND EXPOSITION GROUNDS,
On Wednesday, Sept. 4th, 1895.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL BE CHARGED FOR ENTRANCE.

All Old Settlers, whether constitutional members or not, are requested to be at the Tent promptly at 10 o'clock A. M. Badges can be had of the Treasurer.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. The President calls to order. | 5. Valedictory of the President. |
| 2. Reading proceedings of last festival. | 6. Inaugural of the President-elect. |
| 3. Record of the Pioneer Dead. | 7. General business. |
| 4. Election of Officers for the ensuing year. | 8. Dinner. |
| | 9. Songs. |

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ANDREW JACK.
 H. C. CHAPIN.

L. W. CLEMENS.
 JAS. BURNSIDES

WM. M. SUTTER.
 JAS. DYER.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

MRS. HENRY KARWATH.
 MRS. WM. M. SUTTER.

MRS. ALFRED SANDERS
 MRS. JOHN LITTE.
 MISS E. MEAD.

MRS. HORACE BRADLEY
 MRS. JAMES GRANT

Annual fee is 25 cents for this year, on account of the charge for entrance to the Fair grounds.

D. P. MCKOWN, *Secretary.*

JOHN M. LYTER, *President.*

"The Pioneer Settlers Association of Scott county, Iowa" was organized in LeClaire hall, January 23, 1858, with Mr. Ebenezer Cook as chairman, and Mr. John L. Coffin secretary. Antoine LeClaire, Esq. was the first and second presidents---none since were ever re-elected. John L. Coffin, Esq. was first secretary and Gen. George B. Sargent first treasurer.

The first festival was held at the old "Burtis House." Feb. 22, 1858, at which at least 800 sat down to supper. None so large since that memorable night. The Hon. John P. Cook delivered the oration.

There have been 36 presidents, only 11 of whom are now living.

To become a member, a fee of 50 cents and sign the constitution is required---all are eligible who settled in Scott county on or before Dec.

31, 1846. The husbands or wives of old settlers are constitutional members, their children are not, unless born within the prescribed limits.

On the 1st day of January, 1894, there were 415 eligible to membership, of which 113 are constitutional members, since the 1st of January, 1894, the date of this new register, there have died 28, leaving balance of living 400.

Mr. Israel Hall was elected treasurer of this Association Jan. 7, 1861, and has held the office ever since---often during these years he has maintained the credit of our Association by putting his hands into his pockets for deficiency.

As time goes on the old settlers seem to take increased interest in their annual meetings---no doubt this will continue as long as any are left. Let us enjoy them while we may.

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